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National Equipment Service

14 West 49th Street, New York City

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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See page 50 for explanatory note about the artist

Courtesy of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

III—CHILD HOLDING A DOG *drawn in pastel by Mary Cassatt*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MARCH • 1938

SHIRLEY GOES TO SUNNYBROOK FARM



SHIRLEY HOLDS A "TOUCHATIVE" PIG

By LATROBE CARROLL

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has found new friends—pigs, chickens, cows—on a make-believe farm. New human friends as well. The tricks of chance that brought this about began many years ago, in the life of another little girl, Kate Douglas Smith—who afterwards became the well-loved writer, Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Kate's a child in a million." That's what neighbors used to say of the little girl who lived near the village of Hollis, Maine. The neighbors were right. Kate did stand out. She had a mind developed beyond her years, a rare quality of imagination that brought every doll to life and made every pet a person. She herself has told how she and her sister kept a "frogger" fenced off by fine wire netting in a deep, quiet pool on the farm where the family lived. In that frogger was a nursery for baby frogs, a singing school for older ones, a hospital where the sick and wounded were nursed back to health on a diet of fat flies and water bugs. The great day of triumph came when twenty-one frogs, lined up according to size, sat on a board contentedly and sang together for three momentous minutes!

Whether she was playing games of "let's pretend," or weaving vivid stories, Kate Douglas Wiggin's imagination lit up all it touched. Before her death, in 1923, she wrote many books, some of them the best-loved of her generation. One that her public took warmly to its heart was *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. She based it on memories of her childhood. The little girl she once was moves through its pages.

To-day another little girl with intelligence beyond her years, an imagination that delights in make-believe, is also "a child in a million." This is Shirley Temple of Hollywood's Beverly Hills.

These two remarkable little girls, far apart in time and in

The most famous small star of the movies acts the rôle of Rebecca in Kate Douglas Wiggin's well-loved book

place, were finally brought together. They met and became one in Rebecca. Shirley has made the child in the book live on the talking screen. And yet, while there's so much in the film version that comes from the book, there's also much that is of to-day. Shirley, as Rebecca, is as simple, as childlike, as quaintly and disconcertingly honest as Kate Douglas Wiggin's little heroine. However, in the picture—so modern that it shows an airplane crack-up—she is a radio star. How far from the atmosphere of the book!

Little Rebecca "on the air" may, perhaps, be disconcerting to those fond of the novel—those who remember her as a child who rode in a stage-coach. But Aunt Miranda will disconcert no one. She is her own tart-tongued self, as played by the gifted Helen Westley.

The intelligent feet of Bill Robinson, Negro dancer, heighten the film's fun. When Allan Dwan, the director, decided to put rhythm into a berry-

picking scene between Bill and Shirley, the colored man right then and there invented a new swing-time dance. *Pickin' Berries* is its name. Robinson taught Shirley the dance in about fifteen minutes. "She's sure a quick-catchin'-on little lady," said Bill.

When they told Shirley that she was to share honors with a little pig and a cow in certain scenes of *Rebecca*, she was delighted. She dearly loves pets.

Finding a suitable piglet was no problem to the head property man. Choosing the right cow, though, was something else again. Only very gentle animals are allowed to play opposite Shirley. For example, in *Heidi* her rôle called for her to be butted by a goat. Old Turk, the leading Hollywood billy, got the part because he always butts like a

perfect gentleman—so discreetly, in fact, that he gets five dollars and a half per butt.

At first, Daisy, a cow fairly fizzing with high spirits, was cast in the scene with Shirley. She had made herself a name as the beast that kicks over a lantern and starts the great fire which rages in the film, *In Old Chicago*. The producing company owned her outright.

But—was Daisy too dangerous? All very well to kick over a lantern, but what if she kicked over Miss Temple?

"Better get hold of a gentle cow," said Allan Dwan. So the property man rented Belle, a mannerly mother animal, for five dollars a week including milk that was duly served in the studio café.

The animal situation now



WHEN AUNT MIRANDA LET REBECCA BAKE THE FAMILY COOKIES, SHE COULDN'T RESIST CUTTING OUT GINGER-BREAD MEN

AT RIGHT: HELEN WESTLEY PLAYS THE PART OF TART-TONGUED AUNT MIRANDA

BELOW: FLUFFY BABY CHICKS WERE AMONG THE ANIMALS SHIRLEY BEFRIENDED DURING THE MAKING OF THE FILM



BILL ROBINSON HAS FUN SHOWING SHIRLEY NEW DANCE STEPS

seemed well in hand. But, after some little time, a sow gave birth to six little pigs during the production. Jonesie, the property man, growled that a goat, featured in *Heidi*, had had four little ones. And during the making of *Wee Willie Winkie* a small camel had come into the world. "I hope to goodness," he remarked, "that Shirley's next film won't have elephants in it."

None of the animals, though, gave Jonesie as many headaches as a cornfield that played an important part in *Rebecca*.



The corn started life in the San Fernando Valley, just north of Hollywood. When the picture went into production, Jonesie had workmen dig up four hundred stalks, wrap the roots in wet burlap, transport the corn in a truck and plant it beside a farmhouse on the studio's big "back lot." After the scenes, there, were finished, the stalks were uprooted again. While Jonesie fretted about their health they traveled to the wide, flat grounds of the United States Veterans' Hospital at Sawtelle for "shots" showing the airplane crack-up. Certain stalks had withered a little. This worried Jonesie. What to do? Finally he had a Thought, ordered them re-



vived with some green paint.

Then the wandering cornfield came back again to the studio and into six inches of soil on a sound stage for close-ups.

When *Rebecca* was finished at last, the fifty-odd stalks which had lived through these migrations went back to their original home on the San Fernando farm. The farmer was proud of them. They were veteran troupers!

Though Jonesie at last had the animal and corn situation under control, the chickens got thoroughly out-of-hand. Hens and roosters being used in a close-up with Shirley were fed fat kernels of grain to keep them in front of the camera. But the ungrateful fowls kept wandering "out of scene" to scratch up worms in a distant corner of the farmyard. Jonesie fretted, said mean things about hen-headedness. Desperate, he started digging up worms and planting them where he wanted

the chickens to stay. The transplanted worms did the trick.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm sees Shirley at the top—the best-known child in the world. Each week admiring fans drop approximately four thousand letters, addressed to her, into mail boxes. An annual poll has shown that she has had the greatest box-office appeal of any screen star during 1935, 1936, and 1937. (The poll for the last two years was widened to include Ireland and the United Kingdom.) Her present contract, so it's reported, calls for fifty thousand dollars a picture. She gets almost as much again from royalty payments for the use of her name and photograph on some fifteen or sixteen commercial products, as, for instance, dolls, dresses, hairbows, socks, books. So great is the rush to link gadgets up with Shirley that one of her several personal lawyers is said to spend all his working hours weighing requests from merchants and designers who want to put the little girl's name on still other products.

Shirley's fame, having spread over the civilized globe, is now penetrating to some odd corners. That entertaining writer, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is fond of telling



AT LEFT: THE FARMHANDS GATHER ABOUT REBECCA WHILE SHE SHOWS THEM A STEP IN HER NEW DANCE

BELOW: REBECCA HOOKS HER THUMBS THROUGH HER OVERALLS AS SHE TALKS WITH THE FARMER, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, AND BILL ROBINSON

BELOW AT LEFT: REBECCA LOOKS A BIT HESITANT OVER GIVING UP DRESSES FOR TOMBOYISH OVERALLS



Photographs by courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation



how, on his travels, he visited the interior of the island of Ceylon. There, miles from civilization, he was received by the Grand High Priest and Keeper of Buddha's Tooth. This personage asked him if he'd like a rare treat. Young Vanderbilt assented eagerly. Perhaps some Oriental mystery was about to be unveiled.

The Keeper of the Tooth led him, solemnly, into a hall—and soon the surprised American was seeing and hearing Shirley Temple's latest film!

Just how did the remarkable little Miss Temple get to be the child she is? For one thing, she was born into the right family. Her father, George Temple—he's manager of a branch bank in Los Angeles—has always been, according to those who know him, "an understanding man." Mrs. Temple is that extremely rare person, a screen starlet's mother who is both self-effacing and wise. She has known how to train and control her child without trying, also, to train and control the men in charge of her child's career.

Shirley's two older brothers—Jack, who's now eighteen, and George, who's twenty-one—were always natural, wholesome, fun-loving boys. No jealousy there—to them, from the first, Shirley has been "our baby." The family is united, an all-for-one-and-one-for-all sort of family, taking the world as it is and liking it. It is natural for Shirley, in the midst of such life-loving people, to love life.

From the little girl's earliest days, Gertrude Temple determined that her daughter must be as healthy as the best in to-day's ideas could make her. She began to bring Shirley up according to the advice of a famous Santa Monica child specialist who examined her once a month, watched her diet, sleep, weight. Shirley romped in the open, wearing a scanty suit that gave her little body plenty of sunshine, and a bonnet to shield her hair and eyes. From birth a vivacious baby, she seemed charged with a special zing.

Almost from infancy, music got into her feet as it does now. "It makes 'em hoppy," she (Continued on page 32)



Illustrated by
EDWARD RYAN

"THE WATER'S RISING
AWFULLY FAST," SAID
NANCY. "THERE'S MORE
THAN THE ROAD COVERED.
IT'S—IT'S COME
UP AROUND MY ANKLES"

I DON'T believe it's ever going to stop raining," grumbled Helen Vail.

She was staring out of the window as she spoke to where barn and outbuildings on the farm slope behind her father's house seemed to huddle in gray desolation beneath leaden skies.

"Well, it may clear to-morrow. I hope so, for the river's still rising," answered Mrs. Vail. There was anxiety in her usually cheerful voice. "No lessons this afternoon, dear?" she added.

Helen shrugged. "Oh, of course. They go on as tiresomely as the rain," she said, her face moody. She added, "But I like to study—it's just that Mearsville High is so uninteresting after school in New York."

"Of course Mearsville can't offer the same advantages as a large city, dear," Mrs. Vail answered. "But don't you think it would be wiser to settle down at home since Cousin Sarah had to give up her apartment in New York and could not invite you to spend this winter with her? I'm sure folks here are as nice as in New York."

"Yes, but we're not interested in the same things any more. Take Jane and Dorothy, for instance—now that we're older we have nothing in common. And nothing exciting ever happens here in Mearsville. Sometimes I'm sorry I ever went to New York, since I've only had to come back here and stagnate!"

To this Mrs. Vail silently agreed. Her voice, however, was as cheerful as ever when she rolled up the socks she was mending for little Buddy and, placing them in her basket, got slowly to her feet.

"You forget about Nancy," she reminded Helen. "She is a college graduate and has traveled, besides. Why not get to know her better? She's an interesting person."

Helen's face darkened at mention of her new sister-in-law. It had been bad enough to have her beloved brother marry, but to have him marry a girl like Nancy had been a calamity in Helen's estimation. From the first, when Tom had brought his bride from her home in Boston to the Ohio farm Mr. Vail had given the young couple as a wedding present, Helen had remained aloof. Nancy had not been at her best, either. She

BOATS ACROSS

had complained of loneliness on the farm, which was further from town than the Vail home and nearer the river. But Nancy's mother had given her a new coupé and that, with Tom's truck, should have made Mearsville accessible enough, Helen had thought critically, to have kept the bride from being discontented.

"Nancy's not a good sport," she told her mother now. "She's an awful coward, afraid of everything—horses, just because she was once thrown from a horse, cows, storms, all sorts of silly things. You know she's kept poor Tom so tied down we never see him any more."

"Well, she's young—only five years older than you, Helen," pointed out Mrs. Vail. "She's rather fragile, too. Give her time to adjust herself."

"I thought she was coming over this morning," Helen paused, then added sarcastically, "I suppose she hasn't come because we bore her too much."

Mrs. Vail shook her head. "That's unkind, Helen—" The sharp summons of the telephone in the hall interrupted her.

"That's probably Nancy now!" ejaculated Helen. "No doubt she wants to tell you, 'Really, it's too wet to get out of the car. Oh, but definitely, Mother Vail!'"

Helen's mother had to laugh at the girl's mimicry of her sister-in-law's drawl, even though she protested, "Oh, that's not Nancy on the 'phone, I'm sure. When Tom brought in a load of their things to store in our barn until flood danger is over, he told me not to worry if Nancy didn't come, for she might go on to that morning meeting at the Woman's Club."

When Mrs. Vail returned from answering the telephone, she announced, "Helen, old Mrs. Smith has had another attack and I must run over to see if I can help. Stay with Buddy and have him change into dry clothes when he comes in."

"All right," answered the girl absently. All at once, she fixed a keen gaze upon her mother. "Tom brought in a truck load of things to-day, just as he did yesterday. Why doesn't Nancy help if there's any real danger of water reaching their place? Why does she go off to the Woman's Club when she might load her car and come here? I think she's just a quitter."

"Nancy must do as she thinks best," answered Mrs. Vail. "Learn to be tolerant, dear." She paused, then went on quietly, "After all, there may be no real danger of a flood. The river is rising, it's true, but



HELEN LISTENED
WITH MOUNTING
FEAR FOR NANCY

THE MEADOWS by EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

a moment ago Dad telephoned that, though there is a small break in the levee, the men are all working to repair it and the river may cause no damage at all. So Nancy may be right in taking it all calmly and keeping this engagement—which I happen to know she made last week."

After her mother had gone, Helen turned on the radio, then switched it off again as a news announcer droned out a report of the threatened Ohio River flood. "Scare headlines—anything to make news!" she thought frowning.

Buddy presently came in, wet and hungry, and she coaxed him to change into dry clothing, rewarding him with a slice of bread and butter. He gulped that down and demanded more, but his sister refused. "You'll spoil your supper."

The little boy whined, "Where's Mother?"

"Over at the Smiths'. And Dad's down by the river—so is Tom, I guess."

"Where's Nancy?" demanded Buddy crossly. "She'd play with me if she were here. Mother said she was coming over to-day. Where is she, anyway?"

"I don't know." Helen's tone implied that she did not care, either. She felt cross, too, and out-of-sorts. Three weeks of rain seemed more than could be patiently borne.

There came discord from the piano—Buddy trying to learn to play "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Helen flounced toward him. "Stop banging, Bud!" she implored.

"Shan't," said Buddy. "Nancy lets me play her piano." His drumming kept on.

The wind and rain continued beating against the window-panes, adding to Helen's feeling of depression. When the telephone rang again, she answered it, her voice sounding curt and unfriendly.

A frightened appeal came over the wire to her. "Oh, Helen—is Tom there?"

"He's probably down at the levee with the other men, trying to repair a leak, Nancy."

"I know, but I thought he'd come back to the farm first for more of our things. They're going to be simply ruined!"

Helen sniffed. "He was probably needed on the levee." There, that ought to give Nancy the idea that there were other people in danger of having their possessions ruined by flood water besides herself!

"Yes, that levee break must have been more serious than we thought. The trouble is—Tom told me to follow him right into Mearsville this morning."

"Well?"

"I didn't go in to town," said Nancy humbly. "We had some chicks coming out of the incubator and I decided I ought to stay and put them under the brooder. They're so helpless!" Suddenly alarm leaped into her voice. "Helen, are you still there? Can you hear me?"

"Certainly." Helen smiled grimly to herself. What on earth was Nancy getting so upset about? Surely she could stay alone on her own farm for a few hours without making such a big fuss. But her sister-in-law's next words wiped

Helen didn't think much of her brother's bride and was sure she was right—until the day the river began to rise



HELEN VAIL

the smile from Helen's face.

"I'm sort of scared. I tried to get the car and it's no use. The road's under water."

"What?" Helen's tone was sharp.

"Yes. Is Father Vail home? Maybe he could tell me what to do."

Helen forced herself to speak with a calmness she was far from feeling. "No one's home but Buddy and me, Nancy. I don't believe you need worry. Tom will certainly be back for you if the river's out of control."

"But he thinks I'm at the Woman's Club. He has no idea I'm here on the farm." Nancy's voice broke a little. "Oh, Helen—I didn't want to alarm you, but the water's rising awfully fast. There's more than the road covered! It's—it's around my ankles, inside the house, the—the water is! Suppose it rises higher?"

Helen forced a note of levity into her own tone. "Well, go upstairs. Or swim for the nearest shed roof."

"I—I can't swim," said Nancy. "I—I guess you will have to borrow a boat somewhere and come for me."

Unconsciously Helen shook her head. "I can't leave Buddy," she answered. "Mother left me to take care of him."

"Oh!" The faint gasp, full of growing fear, barely reached her straining ears, but Nancy's hastily summoned laughter covered it up the next instant. "Well, that's all right, Helen. Of course you can't leave Buddy alone. And don't worry about me. I'll be f-fine! I'll go upstairs with the chicks in our spare room and wait. Somebody's sure to come along, or Tom may be back."

"Goodness—wait, there must be some way for you to get over here to higher ground! Let me think!" Helen tried to collect her scattered wits. "Nancy," she began and stopped. Only a dull buzz sounded now on the telephone wire. "Nancy!" she cried. But the line was silent.

Frantically she called the operator. "Give me Mearsville 4430!" she implored.

SHE hung up and stood waiting, tense. Finally the telephone bell rang and she snatched the receiver. "Hello, Nancy?"

It was merely the operator, however. "Mearsville 4430 does not answer."

"Try again!"

"Very well!"

Again the wait, then once more the telephone bell. This time when the operator gave her report, her voice showed concern. "Sorry, Mearsville 4430 does not answer. The lines are down in that direction. The river—"

"Yes?" Cold fear unsteady the girl's voice.

"The river has already swept some poles away. I'm sorry."

Slowly, with shaking fingers, Helen replaced the receiver upon its hook. Some of the telephone poles down! Why, that must mean real flood water with barns and sheds, perhaps even houses, being swept away! And Nancy was alone out there on her low-lying farm with the river water already



NANCY'S FACE WAS WHITE WITH FEAR AS HER GLANCE TRAVELED OVER THE TURGID EXPANSE OF WATER

eddy around her house! Why hadn't she telephoned before it was too late?

"Buddy," said Helen, entering the living room a moment later, "stop playing the piano and listen to me!"

The little boy glanced up sullenly. "No—" he was commencing when he caught sight of his sister's pale face. He scurried over to her. "What's the matter? What makes you look so funny?" he demanded.

Helen knelt down in front of him. "You're a big boy now, Bud," she said earnestly, "big enough to stay and take care of the house while Sister goes for Nancy over to her farm. The water's around her house."

"I'll go with you and get Nancy, too." Buddy thrust out a round chin.

Helen shook her head. "You can't swim, Bud. Maybe I'll have to. No, you stay here and I'll bring Nancy back with me."

"I don't want to stay alone—" Buddy paused. Something adamant in his sister's expression showed that she was going. "Will you—will you be very long?" he faltered.

AT SIGHT of his frightened, pathetic little figure a lump came unexpectedly into Helen's throat, but she rose to her feet and answered cheerfully. "No. Suppose you keep right on practicing 'My Country' so when Nancy comes you can play it real well for her?"

Buddy followed her into the hall where she was rummaging in the coat closet for galeshes and raincoat. "Can I have some more bread 'n' butter?"

"All right—one slice. You know where it is. But stay right in the house until Mother comes and tell her I've gone to fetch Nancy."

With a quick kiss on one fat cheek, Helen slammed the door upon her little brother and plunged out into the storm. She had already planned what she would do. Mr. Mills, a neighboring farmer, kept a boat on a creek in back of his place. She would borrow it and try to row to Nancy's. Slipping, sliding, running along the wet road toward Mr. Mills's farm, she wondered desperately if she were doing right to leave Buddy alone. But there was no time to think of that now, no time to think of anything but getting the boat.

Arrived at her destination beside the creek bank, Helen realized for the first time the menacing outreach of the river. The quiet little creek was a turbulent stream now, with the rowboat tugging at its painter to be off.

Helen jumped down into the boat and, groping for the wet oars beneath its seats, placed them in their locks. She had hard work untying the stiffened, icy rope, but at last the painter was undone and she was off. There was no need to row, she immediately discovered, for the swollen creek water, rushing to join the Ohio River, carried her along upon its crest.

Helen, however, had no intention of being carried all the way to the river. A half mile beyond the Mills's place, their creek joined another which, in normal times, meandered through quiet pasture land past her brother Tom's farm. Reaching this juncture, Helen bent her strong back to rowing upstream, an almost impossible task even for her superb young strength. But she was successful and, when her boat passed from the creek onto the flood water already covering meadows and roads, she saw the havoc caused by the river in the seven or eight hours since the levee had broken through. Chicken coops, tree branches, even an old rocking-chair had already been sent adrift and went bobbing past her.

Nancy's face at first appeared a mere indistinct blur against an opened window on the second floor of her house, but when Helen, rowing with strong strokes which sent her boat slowly but inevitably forward, approached nearer, the mixture of joy and relief in her expression told eloquently of the strain she had been undergoing.

Nancy's tone, however, was calm when she called out, "The chicks are all in the brooder now, on a chiffonier up here. Shall I go down and wade out to the boat?"

"Better drop from there!"

Nancy drew back. "I can't! It's too far!" she shuddered. Then her shoulders squared. "All right," she said. Climbing out across the window sill, she lowered herself backward and hung by her hands until the younger girl, maneuvering the boat beneath her, gave the command to drop.

For an instant the boat rocked wildly. Helen, who had risen to her feet to catch Nancy, steadied her.

"Sit down in the stern," she ordered, reseating herself and kicking off her galeshes. She discarded her raincoat, too.

The thought crossed her mind that she was like a fighter, stripping for action.

Nancy's face was white with fear as her glance traveled from the oars Helen had picked up to the turgid expanse of water covering the meadows. She managed to grin, though, when her gaze met that of her young sister-in-law.

"Tom told me if the levee really gave way we'd be directly in the first path of the flood, and I guess we are, all right," she said.

"Why did you wait so long before 'phoning?" scolded Helen. "That was dumb!"

"Yes, it was," admitted Nancy. "At first I thought I had time to wait for the chicks to hatch, but the water came so fast the road was covered before I knew it. I hated to let the poor little things die—getting them under the brooder seemed so important. Maybe they wouldn't have—I don't know. You see, I'm—I'm such a new farmer's wife." She laughed shakily. "Afterwards, I kept thinking Tom would surely come back—then I realized that the levee break was serious and that he thought I was safe."

Now there was a strong insistent pull to the water pouring across the land. Helen had to work furiously in order to maintain her direction.

Nancy turned and looked back at her home. It was hard to leave all her pretty things, including her piano, with the knowledge that when she came back she would find them ruined, covered with the slimy residue of the flood. When she confronted Helen again there were tears in her eyes. But next instant she uttered a terrified exclamation.

"Look out—there's something just ahead of us!"

Involuntarily Helen turned to follow the direction of Nancy's pointing finger and found a shed of some sort towering above them. For a muddled instant she struggled to free an oar in order to fend off the danger, but before she could do so there was a splintering sound of rending wood. Instantly the boat overturned and the girls found themselves floundering in the icy water.

A sharp pain shot up Helen's arm. Her right hand had been caught and crushed between boat and shed! Ignoring the hurt hand, she swam toward Nancy and, warily avoiding the other's clutching arms, got behind her and kept her afloat. But when she looked for the boat, it had been swept away, upside down. The shed was nearer.

"Don't fight, Nancy—I'll get you to the shed!" she gasped.

In spite of her terror Nancy understood and Helen managed to get her to the shed. It was a low one, probably built for chickens, with a steep, slanting roof and a handle on its door which offered foothold. By dint of much shoving and pushing, she got Nancy up on the roof. To haul herself up, with her hurt hand, was a harder task but she achieved it.

Both girls, crawling painfully up to where they could grasp the ridge pole, lay exhausted for awhile in spite of the beating rain. Finally Helen gave a groan.

"My hand—I can't hang on any longer! I'm slipping!"

Nancy roused herself. "I'll hold you, Helen!"

Taking a firmer grip on the ridge pole with one hand, she grasped the younger girl with the other. "Better?" she asked.

"You'll get too tired!"

"No. Don't worry. I'm wiry, even if I am thin!"

Painful minutes dragged by. Nancy spoke again. "This carries me right back to my childhood," she said. "My brother and I were forever climbing where we had no business to be. You didn't think I was a tomboy, did you?"

"No. But go on—maybe it'll help if you tell me about when you were little!" Helen's lips were blue with cold and the intense pain in her hand.

Nancy's anxious glance rested upon the girl's face. "Well, I was a spoiled brat, if you really want to know!" she said. "You wouldn't have liked me at all, Helen. It's only since I met Tom—since we were married—that I hope I've changed for the better. He's so wonderful—all of you are so friendly and kind and genuine. My old false values of life are gone, I think. It's been great to be with you. I've often wanted to thank you all for being so good to me—"

"Oh, but we haven't!" Helen's murmur was remorseful.

"Yes, you have. Why, don't you remember that cake you baked for Tom and me when we got back from our wedding trip? I found it in my spick-and-span kitchen, which you and Mother Vail had worked so hard to have ready and shining for us."

Helen frowned. She had forgotten about that.

"And Mother Vail—how many lovely things she's done for us—having us in to dinner so often and putting me up for the Woman's Club. Father Vail has been a peach, too! I don't remember my own father, but it's like having him come back to me. And darling Buddy—oh, Helen, you've all been so good to me!"

Helen lay silent from sheer astonishment.

Who would have im-

agined quiet, self-possessed Nancy remembering so gratefully all the taken-for-granted little acts one usually does for a new in-law?

"Nancy—I'm sorry—" she mumbled.

The precarious position of both girls and Helen's weight, which Nancy was supporting almost entirely now, were taking their toll of her strength. They were silent for awhile. Then Nancy spoke again in a startled tone.

"We're moving, Helen!"

It was Helen's turn to rouse herself. Sure enough, the shed had yielded to the pressure of the flood and, breaking away from its foundation, was undoubtedly adrift.

"What'll we do?" she gasped.

The older girl took a firmer grasp of Helen's arm. Then she said steadily, "We'll just hold on, honey! This roof seems pretty strong—if the shed goes to pieces it may act as a raft! Can you pull yourself up nearer the ridge pole? Maybe we can see over the top."

Slowly, painfully, helped by her (Continued on page 49)

March Night

BY LEONA AMES HILL

This is a night when wind comes tugging at closed shutters
And rain is trying the locks on all the doors,
Pounding on the roof and pulling at the eaves' gutters—
A night not made for sleep. When all the chores
Are done, the animals stabled safe from the storm
In the shadowy, hay-sweet barn, we shall bring out apples,
Hear brave tales told, and read wise books, keep warm
Before a pungent beech-wood fire that dapples
Our faces with slow light which ancient boughs
Have stored from summer sunshine's yellow gleams.
Now, if we seek our beds, we shall stir and rouse
Out of uneasy slumber, with fitful dreams
Broken by the pounding of dark and perilous rain
Like the hoofs of unicorns racing across a plain.



There's more to being a hostess than just inviting the crowd. You must provide entertainment, be a

MISTRESS *of* CEREMONIES

Illustrated by
MARGUERITE DE ANGELI

A HILARIOUS GAME THAT WILL
BREAK THE ICE AT ANY PARTY
IS "DISCOVER YOUR IDENTITY"

By BEATRICE PIERCE

WHEN your friends come to your house, whether it's for a party or just to say hello, it is up to you, as hostess, to see that they have a good time. The first thing to be considered is your crowd—their likes and dislikes as to entertainment. Some friends are glad of an opportunity to get together and talk. Others like to be amused. If your crowd likes talking, or gathering around the radio or victrola to listen to music, or to dance, let well enough alone. Your rôle as hostess is easy. All you need do is encourage your guests to feel free to follow their inclinations.

Unfortunately, though, there are guests who do not seem to have any ideas or inclinations which they wish to follow. They do not like to sit and listen to music, and they do not dance. Or perhaps there isn't room enough for dancing. What to do with these difficult guests? Well, sometimes they just have to be taken by the hand and coaxed into having a good time. As hostess you must use your ingenuity in thinking up the right games and amusements for them. You also have to use your own enthusiasm and vivacity to get your guests in the right mood for entertainment. Once started, things usually go with vim and vigor. But often you have to put forth an effort to get your party happily under way.

In planning entertainment for guests, a good deal depends upon the time and place. Is your house large or small? It makes a difference whether you are giving a party in an apartment furnished with fragile antique furniture, or in a roomy house, or a shack at the seashore. It also makes a difference whether you are giving a party in the afternoon for a few girls, or a large party in the evening for both boys and girls. Then, too, you have to adapt your games

to the kind of clothes you have asked your guests to wear. It would certainly be hard on a new party dress to go ducking for apples, but, on the other hand, it might be loads of fun for a guest who was dressed in a gypsy or pirate costume. Here is where a little judgment in making things harmonize will stand you in good stead when you are planning entertainment.

A few simple ice breakers should be part of the repertoire of every young hostess. Your guests, we will say, are sitting around just on the verge of twiddling their thumbs. This is the crucial moment to break up the approaching boredom. Start with something easy, any little stunt that requires only a meager amount of explanation. Here is one that will answer your purpose. Borrow one of your father's hats. Place it on the floor. Seat a guest on a straight chair about five feet from the hat. Hand him a deck of cards and let him see how many he can get into the hat, tossing them in one at a time. This looks simple—and yet is sufficiently tricky to make everyone want to try his skill.

Another ice breaker that a great many people seem to enjoy is *Discover Your Identity*. Before the party make a slip of paper for each guest. Write on each slip the name of a famous person—an historical figure, a movie star, or a present day hero. Without letting the guest see the name, pin the slip on his back, telling him to discover who he is by asking anyone in the room any question he likes which he thinks will help him to identify himself. For instance: Am I alive? Am I a man? Am I a woman? Do I live in Europe? Asia? Australia? America? Am I a singer, actor, football player, politician, soldier? With so many questions

to ask, presently everyone will be talking to everyone else and your party will be going nicely. If you are clever in picking names, the game is more amusing. Everyone gets hilarious over the local football star's turning out to be Shirley Temple, or the shy little mouse of a girl, a swash-buckling Mussolini. Be sure to use familiar names—persons everybody will know about.

A more active variation of this game omits the questioning process and starts each guest trying, by fair means or foul, to read the names on the backs of his fellow guests without letting anyone read his. You can easily see how this might turn into a rough-and-tumble affair with the victory going to the most agile. It's fun at a picnic, or a party in the country, when everyone is wearing old clothes and there is plenty of room and nothing to get broken.

An ice breaker that is practical for guests who are too dressed up for any such romping about is *Odds and Evens*. This is excellent as a way of getting people who do not know each other to loosen up and become acquainted. Upon the arrival of the guests, you, as hostess, explain that you want everyone to talk to everyone else whether they have met or not. Give each guest a handful of peanuts and tell him, or her, to set out with the idea of winning as many more peanuts as possible. "Odds, or Evens?" is the greeting which one guest makes to another. The guest to whom this remark has been addressed guesses whether the person questioning him has an even or an odd number of peanuts in his closed hand. If the guess is right, the person making the correct guess gets the peanuts. If the guesser is wrong, he has to give his questioner the number of peanuts he holds in his hand. Sometimes one guest will get practically all the peanuts and will be able to add to his winnings by lending out some of his supply—at interest. This game has possibilities for becoming very lively and is certain to do away with stand-offishness.

A game sometimes comes in handy at a dinner table—especially when there are several guests. You know how it is sometimes—only the vivacious guests will talk. The others are silent or merely contribute polite laughter without saying more than an occasional, "How perfectly killing!"

As hostess, you want to get everyone into the party; so, before things go too far, you propose playing a game. *Geography* is a good one for this occasion. The name sounds rather unexciting but, with time limits set and forfeits imposed, *Geography* can get pretty tense. The hostess starts the game with some geographical location. For example, she begins with New York. The person at her right must think of another geographical location beginning with the last letter of the place just named. In this case the letter is K, so perhaps the player says Kansas. The next player might say Siam, and so on, each person naming a place beginning with the last letter of the last place named. Soon the players run out of the easier names and the game may begin to lag. That is the moment for setting a time limit, say of thirty seconds, and then imposing fines when a player

fails to respond with a name within the time set. Let the players determine what the fines shall be. Sometimes a song, or stunt, or a speech, or even his dish of salted nuts or his dessert are demanded of the person who warrants a fine.

For filling the time while the table is being cleared and the dessert brought in—sometimes this proceeding takes several minutes—*Famous Numbers* is a suitable diversion. The hostess turns to a guest and says a number. It can be a date, or just any number at all. The guest must answer at once with the first idea which the number brings to his mind. For instance, the hostess says, "Five." The guest replies, "The Dionne Quins." Or "The Five Little Peppers." Or "The Five Year Plan." One type of person will think of one reply, another of something quite different. Let's suppose the number is "nine." One person may say, "Baseball." Another, "The Supreme Court." A third will think of ninepins. Don't overdo this game. People soon run out of ideas and it is best to stop before anyone gives up in exasperation. Rules may be varied to suit the occasion.

TOM-TOM is a noisy game, but fun. If your family has an old aluminum pan of which they are not too fond and a kitchen spoon, you have your equipment. One person is sent from the room. During his absence the rest decide what he is to do when he returns to the room. For instance, adjust a crooked lamp-shade, or sit down in a given chair and remove his shoes. He is then called back and starts his rounds of the people and objects in the room, while the pan is beaten softly. As soon as he comes into the vicinity of the thing he is to touch, or to do something to—the lamp shade we'll say—the beating becomes louder and louder; as he draws away, the beating is fainter once more.

Finally, coaxed on by the beating, the player usually discovers what it is that he is supposed to do. This game causes plenty of laughter as well as the noise of the beating, so it is not the proper choice for late at night, especially if you live in an apartment house.

A quite different type of entertainment that may make a hit with some of your friends is modeling with wax. You can buy the modeling wax in some of the "Five and Tens," and in most department stores. Portion out a small chunk to each person. Announce that a prize is being offered for the best animal model. You may be surprised at the budding artists in your midst. One guest who tried this game made a kangaroo which was good enough to win a prize. She took it home and put it on the mantel. The next day the maid saw it, and, thinking it was a mouse, ran screaming from the room! At the same party, however, another of the guests, not so artistically gifted, promptly rolled one long snake out of his wax—and called it a day. This is what I mean by advising you to suit your fun to the tastes of the majority of your guests. Had most of the guests been "snake rollers" that part of the evening's entertainment would have been a total loss.

America in Pictures is another test of your guests' artistic ability,



RAIDING A BROOM-CLOSET MAY PROVIDE THE MAKINGS FOR AN ALPINE-CLIMBING COSTUME

and of their knowledge of history as well. Give pencils and paper to everyone. Stipulate that each person draw a scene from American history—some such thing as the Landing of the Pilgrims, Paul Revere's Ride, or The Gold Rush to the Klondike—not telling anybody what subject he has chosen. Allow ten minutes, or longer if the artists demand it, for the completion of these masterpieces. Then have each person pass his picture to the person next, together with a strip of paper fastened on the bottom of the picture. This strip is for the captions. Each player writes down what he thinks the picture is about, turning under his caption so as to conceal it from the others. Thus the picture goes around the room and returns to the one who created it. The player who guesses the most pictures correctly usually receives a prize. There might be a prize, too, for the most interesting, or the most unusual picture.

Among your friends you may have some who have a touch of the histrionic about them. If you are fortunate enough to have several of these and can get them together at the same time, your party is made. *Charades* is your game. But *Charades* with a difference. Instead of the old way of choosing sides and going out of the room to think up words to act out without benefit of props or costuming, turn the teams loose in a room with a clothes closet, or, better still, in an attic full of old hats and discarded garments. You will be amazed and delighted with the visions that will issue forth. Such picture hats and bustles and whiskers as will be contrived! All of the costuming may not have a lot to do with the word that is being acted out, but never mind that detail. The costuming brings out the actor in people who never suspected their talents. Very soon every one present will have a word he or she will want to act out.

For the benefit of those who have never played *Charades*, either with or without costuming, perhaps we had better have an illustration. Let's say that the word chosen to be acted out is "hieroglyphic." The leader announces that the word will be portrayed in four scenes, each of which illustrates a syllable. The first syllable is portrayed by a group of mountain climbers. (Imagine the Alpine hats and walking sticks which some closet or attic might contribute toward the realism of this scene!) In the conversation great emphasis is given to the word "high" in describing the mountains. The second syllable might be indicated by a rowboat scene with the actors seated as in an imaginary row boat and rowing in violent action. The third scene is set in a classroom in which several foreigners are learning English. The instructor has the pupil spell "cliff." There is great difficulty in getting the "G's" and "C's" straightened out, the pupil spelling the syllable "gliff" several times. The -ic at the end of the word might prove a bit of a problem, but a little song and dance act can get around this, the song repeating the "ic" sound at the end of each line. For instance some such nonsense as "It's simply terrific, and not scientific, how beatific we are," thus sing-songing the -ic idea. Then if you want to give the whole word in one act at the end, you can have people going about making signs in the air,

and perhaps commenting sagely, "This is the way they looked at the Rosetta Stone."

This is just one illustration. One is all you need to get the game going. Ideas flow thick and fast, once people get into swing of the thing. You probably will have many discussions as to how many syllables there are in certain words (have a dictionary around to settle disputes) and there will be arguments about how words are pronounced in relation to your acting, but all this is a part of the entertainment.

While on the subject of acting, here is another stunt that is interesting to try. Send a group of people out of the room. Let them concoct some scene, the more meaningless the better. For instance, something as silly as this: a girl comes into the room, wearing rubbers and carrying a few flowers. She takes off the rubbers and puts the flowers inside them. Then a boy enters carrying a broom, or a feather duster, or any other article that might be handy at the moment. The girl and boy shake hands and then break into song. The girl gives the boy one of her flowers. He smells it and falls in a faint on the floor. At this point some one who calls himself a police officer comes in, says the boy may have been murdered, and asks all of those who have witnessed the scene to write down exactly what happened. You and your guests will be amazed to find how many details are missing in your accounts. You might give a prize for the most accurate description.

A game that boys like is *Turtle Racing*. First draw on a piece of cardboard the outline of a turtle's back with head, feet, and tail showing, making it about ten inches long and seven inches wide. Cut around this outline and, using it for a pattern, cut out as many more turtles as you will need for the guests at your party. Pierce a small hole through the head of each turtle. Take some heavy thread, or light string—a piece eight or ten feet long for each turtle—and run it through the hole in the turtle's head. Now you are ready to play the game.

Place a row of chairs at the end of a rug that is at least eight or ten feet long (or as long as the strings attached to the turtles.) Clear the space in front of the chairs so that you will have room for the race. Then tie the long end of each string to a front leg of each chair about ten inches above the floor. The players take their positions, sitting on the floor at the far end of the rug, facing the chairs.

Each player is given a turtle and is told to hold the end of string that comes through the turtle's head. Now they are ready to begin the race. The player places the hind legs of the turtle on the rug. Then, by a very slight movement of the hand, a releasing and then pulling tight of the string, the player causes the turtle to walk toward the chair leg. Then he must be coaxed back by a reverse movement of the string—pulling it tight, then releasing it—toward the player and the starting point. The first turtle to reach the starting point wins the race.

Three things are important. There must be a rug on which to conduct the race. You cannot make the turtles walk on a bare floor. 2. The hole in the turtle's head must be large enough to allow the string to slip through easily. And 3. The string must be attached to the chair leg a little farther from the floor than the distance from the floor to the hole in the turtle's head when he is standing upright. You may start this race by entering several turtles. Those coming in first and second, race again in (Continued on page 38)

Thaw

BY FRANCES FROST

These cold-defying ones,
The small gray birds who stayed
And chirped from snowy branches,
Merry and unafraid,

Have fasted winter long
On berries of mountain ash,
On scarlet buds ice-rimmed,
On frosted thicket trash.

Having feasted now on spring
With thawed-out worms for staple,
They steal odd bits of hay
And teeter in the maple.



ANNETTE DISCOVERS HER JOB

By MARY AVERY GLEN

TO-NIGHT before I go home I shall bait the trap again for you, M'sieu'. And this time I shall toast the cheese!" Annette Jacquard turned her dark French eyes dramatically toward the wall where a faint scratching betrayed the presence of the studio mouse. She could plainly hear the intruder scurry away at her threat, with a thin tinkle of plaster. Last week he had gnawed a handsome table cover, and Annette, who already had thrown herself heart and soul into her new job, thought of the ruined piece of brocade as a personal loss.

Seated on a low chair, winding a lampshade frame, she tightened the narrow strips of white silk with decisive little jerks. She had bound a wisp of gay raffia about her dark softly curling hair. Small half-unconscious touches like the raffia pleased her decorator chief, the elder Miss Tyson, almost as much as Annette's executive ability and quickness to learn not only what she was told, but the meaning of what she observed about her.

A mouse, a stormy winter's night, and Mrs. Isham's new draperies came very near to being Annette's undoing when she began her job in the decorator's studio

A fitful afternoon sun glared white and bleak through the peaked skylight roof. It glittered blindingly on the rims of rare purple glass goblets and, on the polished floor, magnified into monsters the shadows of the goldfish in the aquarium. The studio was a treasure house of beautiful things—porcelain shepherdesses on the mantel, costly trinkets grouped on pie-crust tables and old Spanish chests. The Chippendale sofa at one side displayed an artfully heaped color scheme of samples—lengths of velvet, brocade, and scarcely less expensive hand-blocked linen. Miss Tyson had left the samples on the sofa that morning after assembling them before the

"IF I CAN'T IRON A FEW CURTAINS IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD," ANNETTE SAID TO THE WAN AND WILTED GIRL

Illustrated by
ROBB BEEBE





THE BIG POLICEMAN PRESENTED SOLID RUBBER OPPOSITION TO THE STORM. "TAKE IT AISY, MISS!" HE BOOMED BEHIND HER. "WHAT'LL BE YOUR TROUBLE?"

acquisitive eyes of one of her clients.

The elevator door in the entry outside clicked open and Annette looked up, alert for possible business. But Miss Tyson herself breezed through the green latticed gate which served the studio for a door. Her chin was raised and her eyes sparkling.

"My dear," she cried, "I've been to the most ravishing auction at the Hammerstein Galleries! Absolutely intriguing! Things going for a song. I've bought enough to mortgage my future." She pulled off her gloves and threw her baby-lamb wrap on the sofa among the samples. "Char-

lie here," she indicated a young man who followed, loaded with bundles to his unshaven chin, "has brought over the small things. He'll bring the others in his truck in the morning."

Sweeping into the little office behind the studio, followed by Annette and the young expressman, she opened a door and thrust a smiling face into the sewing room. There two seamstresses, aunt and niece, sat at work beside a sewing machine drawn close to a window which commanded cluttered New York back yards. "Mrs. Cooley!" she called. "Georgiana! Come here, both of you. I'm going to show Miss Annette something, and I want you to see it, too."

Without waiting, she turned to the office desk and, taking up an odd-shaped package, cut the string. "I don't have time to open the rest," she told Annette, "but I simply must show you this one. It's the most entrancing vase, and I bought it for practically nothing." Pulling away the wrappings she balanced her purchase on the palm of a long slender hand. An emerald ring gleamed on her little finger.

The lower part of the vase was round with a small opening like a rose bowl, above which it widened into a ruffle of milky glass traced with wavering lines of forget-me-not blue.

Annette clapped her hands. "It is beautiful, Miss Tyson! I love it! The flowers for it, they should always be blue, should they not? Delphinium, maybe? Or ragged sailors?"

Miss Tyson beamed. "You're a clever child. You always see a thing just right."

Following Georgiana from the sewing room, little Mrs.

Cooley joined the group and regarded the vase with reverent interest. She adored Miss Tyson and thought her every action perfect. Unconsciously she pressed into the midst, her face raised in eagerness. "An' is it a cuspidor, Miss Tyson?" she inquired in a sweet, pleased voice.

Annette gasped, and a shade passed over Miss Tyson's face. She choked a little. "Certainly *not*, Mrs. Cooley!"

Charlie, who from years of fetching and carrying for the studio regarded himself as a member of the family, stood with hands on hips, shifting his chewing tobacco from one cheek to the other. He looked the vase up and down with the air of a connoisseur of objects of art—he had handled so many—and rendered his judgment. "Sure, it's a cuspidor." His tone implied, "How could you wish for anything finer—or more useful?"

Miss Tyson's face registered complete disillusionment. She turned and, trailed by Annette, bore her erstwhile treasure into the studio where she pushed it far back on a little table in the corner.

"I'm so sorry," Annette whispered. "It is beautiful, but we can never respect it again."

However, Miss Tyson had a sense of humor. She paused to grimace at the "cuspidor" and, turning away, made a feint over her shoulder as though to put it to its proper use, while her assistant doubled with silent laughter.

"Well, I must be off again," she said as Charlie, cheerfully unconscious of the illusions he had shattered, shouldered his way out. "I'm sorry Sister and I have to go to Scarsdale tonight. The paper says it's going to snow and, indeed, it feels like snow outdoors. Such a bitter wind, and dust and papers blowing." She glanced up at the skylight. "The sun's gone under already. Oh, Mrs. Cooley! How are you getting along with Mrs. Isham's curtains? You'll surely finish them, won't you? Charlie's coming for them at half past six. I promised them absolutely for to-day."

Mrs. Cooley appeared at the sewing room door. She looked flushed and worried. "They'll soon be ready to press, Miss Tyson. We'll get them done."

I'M SORRY, Annette, but I'll have to ask you to stay late, too. I want you to put the curtains into the boxes for Mrs. Cooley. You tie such pretty bows. I wouldn't have anything go to Mrs. Cornelius Isham—of all people—except in the most perfect shape."

Annette promised willingly and helped Miss Tyson into her wrap. Skipping ahead of her chief into the entry she rang the elevator bell.

"We'll be spending the night in Scarsdale," Miss Tyson, sinking out of sight, reminded her. "So don't expect me early in the morning."

Annette returned to her lampshade and her thoughts were happy. How lucky that, last Christmas, a schoolmate, Meg Merriam, had happened to mention in her hearing this opening at the studio. "Miss Tyson's a friend of Aunt Marcia's," Meg had explained in answer to Annette's eager questions. "She's one of the ladies who lent us their summer home in the country where we had our roadstand." Annette had always hoped for a place in the field of art and, with a favoring word from Meg's aunt, had applied for the job and to her astonished delight had been accepted.

An hour after her chief had gone, the big studio grew so dim that she switched on the lights. And, later still, when the clock pointed to five-thirty, she glanced up suddenly to see Mrs. Cooley standing at her elbow. The look of concern had deepened on the little seamstress's face. "Miss Annette, Georgiana'll have to go home. She's got one of her headaches. It's been coming on all the afternoon. If it wasn't for Mrs. Isham's curtains I'd feel I ought to go with her. She's dizzy, and it's storming so. The pavements'll be a glare of ice."

Sure enough, it was storming. Annette's fingers and thoughts had been so busy that not till then had she noticed

the needles of sleet picking at the skylight. "How much more work is there on the curtains, Mrs. Cooley?"

"Only to press the last two pair."

Annette rose. "You and Georgiana go—at once. I'll fin-

ish the pressing and send them with Charlie before I leave."

"Are you sure you can do it?" the little woman questioned, torn between duty to her niece and her promise to Miss Tyson.

"If I can't iron a few curtains, it'll be just too bad!" Annette laughed and snapped her fingers.

She hurried into the sewing room where a wan and wilted Georgiana thanked her as she laid aside her work. The two women, rubbery in raincoats and galoshes, rustled out and summoned the elevator. The picking of the sleet seemed louder as the car slid down the shaft with them and left Annette alone.

TO treat handsome curtains to a professional pressing was more of a job than the new assistant had anticipated. Her cheeks grew red and hot with the struggle and a frown appeared between her delicate black brows. Pausing to test her iron with a tongue-dampened finger she could hear the storm buffeting against the skylight and the back windows. *Muff! Muff!*

Charlie appeared before she had even started the last curtain. He was nice about waiting. He was always nice. But he increased her nervousness by prowling about the studio and whistling softly through his teeth. Annette felt certain that he had a date, but was being too considerate to mention it to her.

At last the task was done. "Mine look just as well as Mrs. Cooley's," she told herself as she laid the rich stuffs into two big tomato-red boxes and tied black cellophane ribbons with the Frenchy touch of which Miss Tyson had approved. She sternly compelled Charlie to wash his hands before he helped with the gray paper wrappings.

Bumping his boxes into the elevator Charlie disappeared, and Annette, with a hasty look at the windows to be sure they were fastened, reached for her hat and coat. "That must have been the elevator's last trip for the night. Guess I'll have to walk down."

As she pulled on her beret and knotted her scarf in a hurry her glance lighted on a piece of brocade, chewed and defaced, tossed unvalued to the back of the cutting table. She paused. It was an unwelcome reminder. "*Mon Dieu!* That mouse trap!"

A triangle of cheese lay in a covered dish on a shelf among spools and boxes of pins. Impaling the yellow morsel on a long pin, she lighted a candle and held the cheese over the flame until it softened and crisped into a bubbly mass. "The smell, it is ravishing! I could eat it myself!" Leaning over, she nipped a dainty bit off the corner with sharp white teeth, then dove under the table for the trap. "I'm glad it catches them alive. I wouldn't like him to be killed cruelly. He is a villain, but I am attached to that mouse."

On the street, snatched at by wind and bitten by sleet, she struggled into the subway only to find that the storm, already playing havoc underground, compelled her to sit stalled in a soggy car for an endless ten minutes before she was finally borne uptown at an intermittent crawl.

Her father, Professor Jacquard, only half reconciled to this business venture of his only child, had himself secured her a small apartment, a walk-up, which she shared with an older woman, a librarian, from her home town.

"You may try it for a year, Daughter," Annette's father had stipulated. "After that, unless you're exceptionally successful, I shall expect you to come home and go to college as we originally planned."

Tiptoeing upstairs, with umbrella held straight out to keep the drip from the carpet, Annette decided not to go out for her dinner, especially as Miss Miller, her housemate, was away for the night. Thoughts of the box of eggs and the bottle of milk in her tiny refrigerator, and the covered cookie jar on her neat closet shelf, buoyed her up.

Annette had decorated her own room in the apartment. Miss Tyson had been as much inter- (Continued on page 46)





THIS LITTLE PIG

WENT TO MARKET

Every girl should know how to market wisely. Here is the first of two articles that will show her how



By RUTH BRINDZE

Illustrated by

S. WENDELL CAMPBELL

I—FOODS

GOING to market is one of the most exciting and important jobs that anyone can undertake, and if you've never tried it you have been missing a real experience.

By going to market I do not mean dashing around to the store to buy a few articles, or merely handing a marketing list to the clerk and standing by while he fills it. Marketing is a more active job than that. It means making a selection from the mounds of vividly colored fruits and from the bins and boxes filled almost to overflowing with fresh vegetables and salads; it means knowing which ones will taste the best and which are the best buys.

There is nothing humdrum about it. Each time you go to market your ability and skill is put to a test. People who find marketing a bore have simply failed to understand the importance of the job, and therefore have never discovered the fun or satisfaction that can be derived from performing it skillfully.

To discover how true this is, go to market yourself. Some day you're going to have a home of your own, and how smoothly and efficiently it will be run will depend, in large measure, on how wisely you buy. You can't learn too soon how to get good value for your money.

Women do the buying for the nation. The statisticians, who prove such interesting facts from the computation of figures, report that women buy, or influence the selection of, more than ninety per cent of all the articles used in American homes. Included in this figure are clothes and furniture, china and linens, food and kitchen utensils—everything, in fact, that you eat, or wear, or use, from the breakfast bacon to the range on which it is cooked. The responsibility of buying such a diversity of articles, and of spending so much money, is really tremendous.

But of all the items on the budget, food is the one on which most money is spent. Therefore, the logical order in learning the science of "buymanship" seems to be to start with marketing, and then to go on to shopping for

clothes and linens and all the other things one uses.

One of the best ways of learning how to buy food is to watch an experienced buyer go about the job. The vacation period and the weekends provide the perfect opportunity to do this. Ask your mother whether you may go to market with her, and the first time you go along, and perhaps the second, consider yourself merely an observer. Watch how your mother selects the fruits and vegetables. Notice also how other women who appear to be efficient buyers conduct themselves.

The number of times you should go to market merely as an observer depends entirely on how observant you are. If you watch closely you will soon learn the tricks of the trade, and if you add to your knowledge wherever and whenever you can, it will not be long before you are ready and able to undertake the family marketing.

When I was wearing knee-length dresses (not because it was the style, but because I was too young to wear them longer), going to market with my mother was always part of the day's routine during vacations. I went because I enjoyed it, and until I was married I never realized how valuable my experience would prove to be. I had learned how to plan meals, how to buy food, and how to cook it, under an experienced teacher. I had, I admit, done my practicing on the family, but my mother had seen to it that neither they, nor the family budget, suffered unduly. Some of my friends, who used to boast that they did not know the difference between a turnip and a squash in the uncooked state, had a hard time handling the food problem during their honeymoon days. When they should have been making every penny count, they were making all kinds of costly mistakes.

Experience is really a wonderful teacher, and, so far as marketing is concerned, experience seasoned with knowledge and real zest for the job to be done is all that is needed by anyone who wants to achieve a reputation for being a clever buyer.

The first thing to do before you start for market is to make a list. You look to see what staples are needed—is the salt running low, is there enough flour in the cannister, is there a good supply of baking powder, is there plenty of sugar and spice on hand? Even if there is enough, you may still want to replenish supplies if your grocer has advertised "specials" on articles which will soon be needed. For one characteristic of the clever buyer is the application of the maxim that a penny saved is a penny earned. Checking the newspaper advertisements, or the handbills that many stores distribute, will not only help you to save money, but will also tell you what foods are in season and therefore likely to be the best in flavor, as well as being the most advantageously priced.

Making a marketing list is the organization work necessary to efficient buying. It eliminates the possibility that your memory may play tricks when you get into the store, with the result that you forget one, or even more, important items, and it will save time both for you and the clerk.

First on the list are the staples, flour, sugar, bread and so on. These are quickly ordered. Either you buy the "special," or you order the brand which your family regularly uses. Now the clerk, who



usually has a system of his own, asks, "And how about eggs and butter?" which are the next two items on your list.

What grade eggs should you buy? Your decision should depend on the use for which the eggs are intended, as well as on the food budget. The difference among the three top grades is in freshness, flavor, and appearance. The flavor of Grade A eggs is somewhat more delicate than that of Grade B, and therefore they are desirable for boiling, poaching, or steaming. But Grade B eggs also serve admirably for these purposes, and both Grade B and Grade C eggs are entirely satisfactory for omelets, for scrambling, or for baking. The nutritive value of all good eggs is the same and is unaffected by the color of the yolk (which varies according to the season of the year and the food that the chickens are fed), or by the color of the shell.

In some sections of the United States, people prefer white eggs to brown ones, and there, because of the law of supply and demand, white eggs cost more. In other sections, brown eggs are more in demand than white ones, and therefore brown eggs are more expensive. When buying eggs, it is a good thing to remember the old truism that you can't judge the contents by the cover.

Until you go marketing, butter may have seemed to you—just butter. Some butter may have tasted better than other butter, but you have never given any thought to the form in which it was bought, or to the way it was selected. Now when you ask for a pound of butter, the clerk asks, "Tub, roll, or print?" and you have to make up your mind pronto which you should buy. There is frequently a difference in price among the three which may be as much as ten cents to the pound. This does not mean that the quality of one is any better than that of another. The difference in price generally represents the cost of packing and of handling. It is easier, faster, and therefore less expensive to pack butter into tubs than it is to wrap each quarter pound in a separate parchment-paper wrapper, and four quarters into a carton. The cost of roll butter is usually halfway between that of tub and print. Which form you select should depend on the size of the food budget and the length of time that the butter is to be kept. Because print butter is so carefully wrapped, it will retain its flavor for a longer period than either tub or roll butter. But in a family where lots of bread and butter are consumed, and where a pound of butter disappears in what seems to be no time at all, the tub butter is undoubtedly the best buy, providing the storekeeper sells enough of it to keep his supply fresh, and is careful in storing it. An open tub of butter and highly flavored cheese should never be kept in the same refrigerator.

If you buy tub butter, you should note, too, that you are getting honest weight when the butter is put on the scale. And the same holds true of every other food that you buy by the pound. There are few clerks who will purposely give a customer short weight, but every so often, particularly when the clerk is hurrying to complete an order, he barely glances at the scale, and, although he may think that the indicator points to the pound or half-pound mark, actually it may be pointing considerably under it. When this happens, tell the clerk about it courteously. It is probably a mistake and should be treated as such.

Of course, you must be on the alert when you go to market. Clerks appreciate it and generally give better service. It is not a good plan to start to market with a friend, or, having met one in the store, to attempt to carry on a conversation while being served. Some people believe they can do two things at one time, but I have yet to see anyone make an

efficient job of marketing and, at the same time, carry on a rapid-fire conversation.

Certainly this can not be done when the selection of fruits and vegetables is to be made. For choosing these foods requires all one's attention. You have to see that the fruit is ripe, but not too ripe; that the vegetables are fresh and tender. Knowing your vegetables and fruits is really an achievement. To help experienced as well as inexperienced buyers select the best in fruits and vegetables, the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture suggest nine rules which everyone should know and use. Here they are:

1. Make your own selection of perishables.
2. Do not handle fruits and vegetables unnecessarily.
3. Remember the largest is not always the best.
4. Avoid commodities that show decay.
5. Do not buy merely because the price is low.
6. Consider the fruits and vegetables that are in season in the nearest production area.
7. See that containers hold full measure.
8. Study the markets.
9. Distinguish between blemishes that affect appearances and those that affect eating quality.

In some markets customers are not permitted to handle fruits and vegetables at all, but the clerk will gladly permit the buyer to examine a sample and then show each additional piece before it is placed in the bag. This is good practice because careless handling of perishables causes fruits and vegetables to spoil. In the long run the customer pays for this spoilage because the marketman must make up for it in his prices. But no one wants to buy a "cat in a bag" and if the clerk refuses to permit you to see the fruit or produce he is packing, it is better to go to another store.

This is true even of that American standby, the potato. Don't just order five pounds of potatoes and let it go at that. See that the skins are neither shriveled nor cut, and that the potatoes are uniform in size. Small potatoes, or those with queer bumps and angles, are poor buys

because they are difficult to pare and because there is a good deal of waste.

With apples, also, uniformity of size and the appearance of the skin is important. Sometimes appearances are deceiving, but in most instances an apple, or other fruit, tastes good if it looks attractive. Usually apples are sold according to variety. There are apples which can be used only for cooking, those that are best when eaten *au naturel*, and others which are equally delicious cooked or raw. Some families like a tart, crunchy apple; others prefer a sweet one. When you are planning the marketing list, ask your mother which variety she buys, if you do not already know the name of the family's favorite apple. If you forget to do this, you may recognize your favorite in the basket or box on display in the store. If you are in doubt, tell the clerk what the apple is to be used for, and whether you want a sweet or a tart one.

Having decided on the variety, make certain that the skin of the apple is bright in appearance. Brown spots or "scald" affect the flavor of the fruit. To judge whether an apple is overripe, press the flesh lightly with your thumb. If it feels soft, the apple will be mealy. And to judge the flavor, smell the fruit. It should have a high fragrance.

By all means use your nose, as well as your eyes and your head, when you go to market. Many, many times, you can judge flavor by using your nose! This is true, for example, with the pineapple. The usual method of judging whether a pineapple is ripe is to pull one of the green leaves; if it comes out easily, the fruit is (Continued on page 49)



THE LOCKED DRAWER MYSTERY

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THAT afternoon Dick Prince and Art Dane could not come to the meeting of our Detective Club because they had to attend a meeting of the sports committee at the high school. They said they might come later. There was nothing for us to detect that week so we settled down on Dot Carver's porch to read a few chapters of a mystery story.

"You read a chapter first, Madge," Betty Bliss said, handing me the book, and I had just opened it when I saw a girl stop at the front gate. She hesitated, looked at us uncertainly, then opened the gate and came up the walk. She was no one we knew. She was a plain-looking girl, quite simply dressed and old enough to be through high school, but what we all noticed first was the unhappy and worried look on her face.

"Please excuse me," she said, looking up at us from the bottom of the porch steps, "but is this Mrs. Carver's house? I went to Mrs. Bliss's house and she told me to come here. I'm looking for some girls who have a detective club."

Betty Bliss was out of her chair and at the head of the steps in an instant.

"This is the Detective Club," she said in the businesslike way she always speaks when she is being Superintendent Bliss of our Detective Club.

Betty Bliss and her fellow detectives solve their last case—an announcement that causes the Editors of THE AMERICAN GIRL sorrow and regret, for the death, last September, of Ellis Parker Butler will be a real and continuing loss to all readers of the magazine

—Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER—



SHE HID HER FACE IN HER HANDS AND WE THOUGHT SHE WAS GOING TO CRY

"The Club is in session this afternoon. Is there anything we can do for you?"

The girl seemed surprised.

"Why—" she said, "I thought you would be older than you are. The Detective Club I mean is the one that, I have been told, has been solving several mysteries—"

"We are the Club," said Betty Bliss. "I don't know of any other in town. This is Inspector Carver and this is Inspector Turner, and I am Superintendent Bliss. If we can be of any help to you we will be glad to serve you."

"I'm afraid I can't pay anything," the girl said as if she hated to have to say it. "You see, I haven't any money—not much, anyway—"

"That," said Betty Bliss, "does not make the slightest difference in the world to us. We almost never detect for money. May I suggest that you come up and tell us what we can do for you?"

Betty said that in her grandest way, but she smiled as soon as she had said it and Betty has a nice friendly smile. The girl did not smile, but she came up the steps and took one of the chairs.

"I don't know whether you can do anything for me," she said, "but I am in trouble—just awful trouble—and I didn't know who else to go to. I've been—well—I've been accused of

being a thief, and I don't know how to prove I'm not. It—"

She stopped and hid her face in her hands. I thought she was going to cry, but she managed not to. After a minute or so she got control of herself and only wiped her eyes.

"It's a dreadful thing to be called a thief," she said, "and for me it is worse than for almost anyone because it means that, for me, everything is ended, and just when I am getting started."

"Tell us about it," I began, but Betty Bliss stopped me.

"If you please, Inspector Madge, I will question our client," Betty said. And to the girl, "Kindly give us all the facts you can—name, age, circumstances of the crime, with all the details."

"My name is Mary Sloane," the girl said, twisting her hands. "I'm sixteen now, and I'm an orphan. When I was two years old they took me into Saint Elizabeth's Orphan Asylum, and a week ago I got through there—we have to leave when we are sixteen years old. They get work for us, or put us in someone's home. Mrs. Joseph Branch took me."

"I know of Mrs. Branch," Betty said. "She is an important club woman. She is managing the Willing Hand Rummage Shop for the Town Aid Society now, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Mary Sloane, "and she was so good to me at first, and so kind. She gave me a nice room upstairs in her house, not really an attic. I thought I would be so happy there—I don't mind doing housework, or washing dishes, or such things. But she has three servants already and she said I was to be her secretary if I could do the work."



ART AND DICK HID THEMSELVES BEHIND THE COAT RACK

"I should think she would need a secretary, being in so many clubs and all," Dot Carver put in, but Betty said, "Inspector! Please!" and Dot shut up.

"Of course, I was pleased," Mary Sloane went on. "I thought it would be fine, and so it was until this happened. Mrs. Branch is spending most of her time at the Rummage Shop just now and she took me down there to help her. Every afternoon. Some evenings. They are sending out hundreds of appeals for money, or old clothes, or anything the Rummage Shop can use, and I addressed envelopes. I write a good hand. Well—"

"Please continue, Miss Sloane," Betty said.

MRS. BRANCH handles all the money," the girl said. "She is president and treasurer."

"And she accused you of stealing the money!" I exclaimed. Betty Bliss frowned at me.

"No, not that," Miss Sloane said, "not exactly. Not much money, anyway. If you'll let me tell you?"

She looked at Betty Bliss and Betty nodded.

"That is just what we want," she said, "and the inspectors will please not interrupt. Go on, Miss Sloane."

"It was postage stamps mostly," Mary Sloane said. "You see, there were about a thousand envelopes ready to mail the first day I went there—they use two cent stamps—and Mrs. Branch gave me forty dollars and told me to go to the post office and get two thousand stamps, and I did. There were one hundred in a sheet—that made twenty sheets of stamps. She took the money out of the drawer."

"One moment, please," said Betty. "What drawer?"

"The drawer of her table—she has a table she uses as a desk. Anyway, she gave me half the stamps to stick on the envelopes, and she put the rest in the drawer—ten sheets, twenty dollars worth. There was some small change in the drawer—petty cash, she called it—and a few loose postage stamps, perhaps three dollars worth, three-cent ones and fives. Then she locked the drawer."

"Did she always keep the drawer locked?" Betty asked.

"Always," said Mary Sloane, "and kept the key in her handbag. She never let anyone else unlock the drawer—so she says. When stamps were needed, Mrs. Branch unlocked the drawer and took them out and gave them to us."

"Who is 'us'?" asked Betty.

"There are three or four girls who work there part of the time—society girls—giving their time free. Mrs. Branch would never think they would steal."

"Anyone else work there?" Betty asked.

"Mrs. Overman, a rather elderly lady who is the paid manager," said the girl, "and a man named Comus Took, but I never saw him. He is the janitor and comes to clean up after we are gone."

"And all the money that is taken in at the shop is put in the drawer in Mrs. Branch's table?" Betty asked.

"Oh, no!" said Mary Sloane. "The money that the Rummage Shop takes in from selling things goes into the cash register, and that is most of the money. The cash register is always locked and no money was ever missing from it. The money that goes into the table drawer is money that people donate to help the shop along—mostly checks—and the petty cash Mrs. Branch needs to spend for small items the shop needs. The money (Continued on page 41)

MAKE-BELIEVE DOG

Claire, in a desperate emergency, has to screw up her courage to make the ghost dog obey her will and, by chance, stumbles on a startling discovery

by NORMA
BICKNELL
MANSFIELD



HIS BODY A SILVER STREAK OF PLIANT MUSCLE, HE PASSED BY THE SLED AND THE TEAM

The Story So Far

In "Keeper of the Wolves" Claire Jameson, noted dog musher of Alaska, subdued and drove a team of "ghost dogs" which were terrifying the natives. They proved to be white Siberian Malamutes, the team of Jake Connolley, now dead. Six went to Claire's kennels, but the leader continued to run wild. In this sequel, the superstitious Indians believe "the Dog," as they call the leader, to be a "loup-garou," or werewolf.

Claire, driving the Siberians, has to strike the Dog to prevent him from enticing her team from the trail; she encounters a scarecrow of a man (rumored to be the human manifestation of the loup-garou) who hails her team with Jake Connolley's command, "Hallelujah!" She also discovers that six cans of sausage taken from her sled were stolen by Tel Patrick who makes his living selling pilfered food.

Claire's brother, Doctor Jameson, attends a sick Indian whose illness is connected with the loup-garou by the natives

as the Dog had recently appeared at their camp. The doctor, however, diagnoses the case as food-poisoning. When a second case develops, the doctor is out on the trail. To overtake him and save the man's life, Claire decides to drive the Siberians with the loup-garou as leader, if she can find him.

PART FOUR

"BUT you can't do that!" Hank leaped to his feet. "You can't drive the Dog! He might kill you. You can't do it, Claire. I won't let you."

Gran, entering the room, looked from one to the other. "What can't the child do?" she demanded.

For once Hank remembered to keep his lips closed.

"I'm going for Pete," Claire said. "An emergency call from Salmon Hole. Another case of botulism and the man's

been sick since yesterday afternoon." Pulling on her parka she made swift calculation. "That means," she said, "I have about four hours to get Pete to the Hole. Hank, tell Boal to put the silver team in harness."

Hank went because Gran was there, still holding his tongue but likely to explode with the strain.

"You're not to worry," Claire told her, giving her a kiss. "We'll call you from the Hole."

"I'll have Namak pack you a lunch." Gran spoke matter-of-factly, but Claire knew she was troubled.

"I'll go and help Boal and Hank with the team," she said,

and left the room swiftly to avoid mentioning the loup-garou.

At the kennels she found that Hank had again held his tongue. His face grim, the boy was working with Boal to get the team into harness, tied to the line. He followed Claire back to the house to pick up the lunch.

"Listen," he said, "I'll drive the team. I'll catch Pete somehow."

"And how," Claire demanded, "will you catch the Dog?"

"How will you, for that matter?"

"I don't know," the girl admitted. "But I know we're wasting time right now—when I ought to be on my way!"

Illustrated by ORSON LOWELL



Gran came out with the lunch as Boal brought the team around. The courageous little old lady still didn't ask questions, but she stepped forward herself to secure Claire's muffler about the girl's nose and mouth. For one crazy moment Claire thought of picking her up, of stowing her on the sled, of taking her along. With the indomitable Gran beside her, even a loup-garou would think twice before touching her. But she shook off the impulse.

"I'll be back," she said. "Sautuk, mush!"

She was aware of the lowering sky. Ed had been right, however; the snow flurry had not lasted. It lay, spent, on the ground, scarcely deep enough to see, no handicap in the race she must run. But there were no clear, bright stars to reassure her. There was a gloomy menace overhead, and everywhere she looked the gloom was deepening. Somewhere, out of that gloom, she must call the Dog. Somewhere, somehow. Call him, tie him to the line, and drive him in a race that would break her heart if he should win. And yet he must! He *must*.



THERE WAS THE RUSH OF A SLED GOING PAST,
THE BEAT OF DOG FEET PICKING UP THE TRAIL

Something of her urgency touched the silver dogs. Or, perhaps, Sautuk remembered that this was the way he had come before to find his erstwhile leader. The lean little Siberian ran with his body bent forward, against the line, urging his slower mates to a better speed than they liked at first. By the time they had coursed through Frozen Bend, left the town behind, and reached the river to turn north again on its frozen surface, Sautuk had touched a speed that even Claire could not criticize. Touched it and was holding it, with the girl's voice ringing out in clear, concise commands.

In her mind Claire went over the trail Pete followed ahead of her. By this time he would have realized that King led his string; he would have given himself up to the exhilaration of speed behind a dog that knew how to pour it on. No one, Claire knew, liked a fast trail, a swift ride, better than Pete. With King giving him prompt, obedient response, he would answer with a challenge. More speed. More speed!

His route lay along the river, past the fork in the trail where the trail swung east, on, still along the river to the farther fork that turned west. If Claire could catch him before he reached the second fork, before he turned west, if she could reach him in time to keep him racing along the river toward Salmon Hole, still five miles north of the second fork, there was a chance they would be in time to save the sick man's life. A meager chance.

"Sautuk, mush!"

Pete was thirty minutes ahead of her. At least that much. Claire had not observed the time when he left, nor when she had, but she knew that thirty racing minutes lay between the two teams, thirty minutes or more.

And what if she couldn't find the Dog, now that she needed him? What if Sautuk must run the whole race in the lead? He was holding a stiff pace now, but Claire knew without giving the matter conscious thought that he was not touching King's medium speed. He could not touch it without the inspiration of another dog ahead of him, showing him how. Sautuk wasn't a lead dog. He lacked the training and the heart. He could never pick up thirty minutes and more, enough to more than match the other team's pacing, enough to overtake. But what dog could, Claire wondered, in the space there was left before Pete turned west on the fork? What dog, what team, could make up thirty minutes in less than a dozen miles? She knew the answer. No dog could make up that time on the King. It was an impossible feat.

"Well," she said the words aloud, grimly, to herself, "we'll follow him up the fork, then. We'll follow him all the way to Forestry Camp, if we must, and race all the way back."

And then she remembered something from which, oddly, she drew reassurance. King had spent much of his day in harness. Not a hard trip, the one he had taken with Ed, but it had meant miles spent on the trail, and every mile on the trail was a tax on dog strength. He would be slowed tonight, inevitably, by the earlier excursion of the day. Slowed, and wise enough not to try to touch his own best speed, no matter what Pete asked of him. And Pete—reassurance here, too—could not match Claire's skill with a dog team. That had been proved. She would have been foolish to deny it.

Her thoughts reached out, circled, came back, reached out again—and at their core lay a doubt and a problem she tried to ignore. The problem of catching the Dog.

"No point in worrying until we get there," she told herself. "There—where the trail swings east."

But they were getting there faster than Claire had expected, almost as fast as she had hoped, and when the Aberdy fork drew nearer she knew that Sautuk's speed had seemed great because she was reluctant to meet the Dog. What if he cut in again on her team, tried to turn them from the trail, lead them away toward some destination she did not know. To his den. To the den of the loup-garou!

"Oh, bosh!" she cried, and did (*Continued on page 30*)

FUN A



Photograph by Arthur Griffin

TWO GIRL SCOUTS OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, SHOW A PAL HOW TO OPERATE THE MARIONETTE THEY MADE THEMSELVES

EVERY GIRL SCOUT ENJOYS FOLK DANCING, ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE HAS A FOREIGN-BORN CLASSMATE IN THE COSTUME OF HER OWN LAND TO TEACH HER THE STEPS

AT THE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL GIVEN BY SCOUTS OF GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, MEMBERS OF TROOP FOURTEEN PRESIDED AT A DUTCH WINDMILL BOOTH WHERE THEY SOLD CHEESES, MILK, BULBS, AND HAND-PAINTED FLOWER POTS



Photograph by Paul Parker



PART OF THE FUN IN DANCING, TO BROOKLYN GIRL SCOUTS, IS IN TRYING THE ENCHANTING DRESS OF OTHERS

AT LEFT: GIRLS AT CAMP HALEOPUNAHU, CROWN AND QUEEN AT THEIR PARTY FESTIVAL. THOSE WHO ARE CAMP POSSIBLE, AS AGO, BY THEIR WAY

ND FANCY



AT THE ANNUAL BROWNIE REVELS HELD IN THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS, NEW YORK, THESE THREE CHILDREN TOOK PART IN THE FOLK DANCING



THREE GYPSY MAIDS DISCUSS THE FUTURE AS THEY REST BY A CRYSTAL-CLEAR POOL, ON A WARM ROCKY LEDGE. WITH THEIR VIVIDLY COLORED SKIRTS, GAY EMBROIDERY, AND BRIGHT KERCHIEF HEADDRESSES THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY HAD STEPPED OUT OF A ROMANY LEGEND, BUT THEY ARE REALLY THREE GIRL SCOUTS OF WASHINGTON, D. C., ENJOYING A CAMP FIESTA

BELOW: THE LITTLE SANDMAN SPRINKLES SAND IN THE EYES OF THE LOST HANSEL AND GRETEL AND WHISPERS, "SLEEP AND DREAM, MY CHILDREN." MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, GIRL SCOUTS ENJOY ACTING THIS FAVORITE STORY



GIRL SCOUTS OF CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS, HAVE DISCOVERED WHAT A GOOD TIME THEY CAN HAVE WITH PUPPETS, IN ADDITION TO THE MERRY ENTERTAINMENT THEY CAN PROVIDE FOR FRIENDS. MAKING PUPPET CHARACTERS, BUILDING THE STAGE, AND WRITING THE PLAYS, OFFER A VARIETY OF INTERESTING OUTLETS FOR A TROOP'S CREATIVE ABILITY

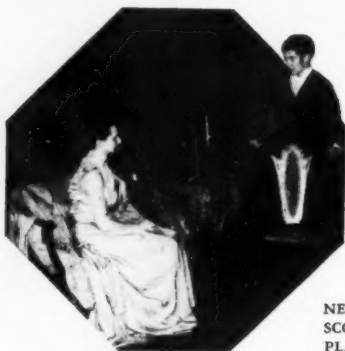


THE FOUR
GIRLS, TO BROOD
GIRL SCOUTS
ENCHANTMENT
OF OTHERS

T: GIRL
ALEOPUS
DOWN A
AT THEIR
FESTIVAL
WHO ME
POSSIBLE
THEIR



A LOVELY SCENE FROM THE HARTFORD JUBILEE PAGEANT



A TABLEAU FROM "THE LIFE OF CLARA BARTON" GIVEN BY LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, GIRL SCOUTS

A JUBILEE PAGEANT

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: This year the Girl Scouts of Hartford, Connecticut, and vicinity presented an original and beautiful pageant called *Great Gifts*, which was based on an outline by Miss Oleda Schrottky and directed by Miss Betty Older and Mrs. Maurice Fitzgerald. The "great gifts" were traditions which began so many years ago, and which, to-day, still have their part in the Girl Scout program. Some of these gifts were courtesy, friendliness, industry, chivalry, dance, song, and service. The prologue showed a model Girl Scout troop saluting the American flag, and the final scene depicted the kinship between a Colonial girl and her present-day Girl Scout sister. The Girl Scout choir and the orchestra gave selections at intervals during the performance.

Speaking as one of the girls who took part in the pageant, I feel honored to think that my participation, however small, was one part of the many celebrations which helped to make this Girl Scout Jubilee year of 1937 so memorable.

Cornelia Deming

FATHER-DAUGHTER BANQUET

DANA, INDIANA: Perhaps one of the most enjoyable events of the year for the Girl Scouts of Troop One of Dana was the Father-Daughter Banquet, served by the Mothers.

The girls made invitations (shaped like the trefoil) out of white cardboard, decorated with twigs and red oilcloth cherries.

The table decorations consisted of tiny dolls dressed as George and Martha Washington as the centerpiece, with George Washington hatchets at each end. Small flags adorned the place cards. The program covers were trefoils traced with white ink on green cardboard. The programs contained the names of the Girl Scouts of Troop One, the menu, the songs we sang, and the program. Girl Scout napkins were used.

One of the girls of the Pine Tree patrol dressed as George Washington and one from the Red Wing patrol dressed as Martha Washington. Martha acted as toastmistress.

The following program was given:

Grace—by George Washington

Welcome song—by the Girl Scouts

Talk—by the father of one of the Girl Scouts

What Scouting Has Meant to my Girls—by another father

Scouting To-day—by another father

The LAND of MAKE-BELIEVE



OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should tell: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: It was opening night for the play, *Nancy Winslow's Birthday Quilt*, to be given by Troop Number Sixty-one. Other troops had been invited to see the performance. Back stage sixteen Girl Scouts, dressed as ladies and gentlemen of the Colonial period in New York, were full of excitement. The "ladies" in their enormously looped-up dresses were bustling to and fro, taking a tuck here and there or pinning a curl in place, and wondering whether the quilt had been placed on the stage so that the pretty patchwork could be seen. The "gentlemen," in their knee breeches, were looking very elegant but feeling a bit uncomfortable as they wondered if, while dancing the "Minuet" and the "King and Queen," the breeches would stay in place.

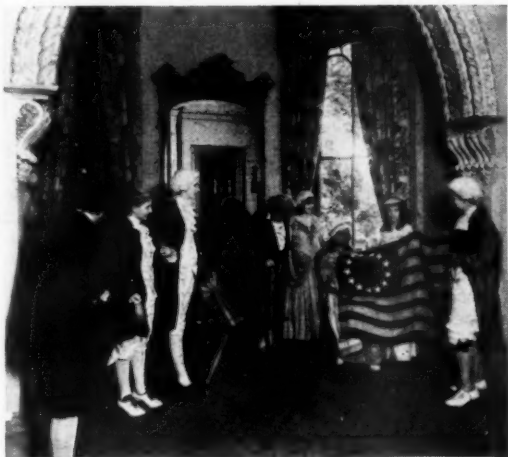
Several times the younger Girl Scouts peeked through the curtains to see if the other Girl Scout troops had come, or how large an audience had assembled. Deep down in all their hearts they were anxious to know if the audience would like this old-fashioned play with its quaint dances, beautiful costumes, and old folk songs and melodies. They hoped the history of old New York would be interesting to all New Yorkers, for this play told about George Washington's time with the setting in a private home.

There was a hush—it was time for the show. The curtain went up and the "ladies" and "gentlemen" performed their songs and dances. Loud applause followed, for the audience did like the beautiful things of long ago! That made the Girl Scouts on the stage feel more at ease, and they acted with assurance and poise. Nancy Winslow's cake was cut and they had a grand time eating it and drinking their tea.

The Cotillion, Yankee Doodle, and the final Virginia Reel brought the curtain down with more generous applause from the audience who demanded several bows from the cast. Visiting troops were enthusiastic in their enjoyment, and happy at the prospect of themselves presenting this old-fashioned yet new play.

Mary Theobares, Troop 61

Girl Scout imaginations have many a chance to try their wings, but none that they enjoy more than the opportunity to act in pageants or plays



Talk about Thinking Day—by Pine Tree patrol leader
Fun song

After a delicious dinner, the guests were invited into the living room where contests and Girl Scout demonstrations were given. The evening's entertainment closed with a candle-lighting ceremony and the singing of Taps. Every father was present and we had a fine time together.

Mary Sabin

"WORLD KNOWLEDGE"

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS: Eighteen girls from six troops in the Jamaica Plain, Roslindale, and West Roxbury districts of Boston are having great fun this winter learning about different countries in preparation for the World Knowledge badge.

They meet twice a month at the home of Mrs. A. H. Gretsch, the instructor. To illustrate the chief industries of the different countries, one evening each girl gave a demonstration in pantomime. The girls have a lending library of Girl Scout and Girl Guide magazines of many countries, foreign newspapers and magazines, and the excellent weekly, *World Youth*.

Mrs. W. O. B. Little, chairman of the International Relations committee of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, will speak at one of the meetings; and Mrs. Moseley will talk on Girl Scouts and Girl Guides at another meeting.

To become better acquainted with the foreign groups in Boston, the Girl Scouts occasionally go on the Saturday Friendship Tours. On January sixteenth, they had luncheon in Chinatown and visited some of the Chinese industries and stores.

Simple refreshments are served at the end of each meeting, enabling the girls to sample foods typical of the countries.

Some of the girls are second generation of the countries they are studying and converse in that language at home. Other members of the group get a vivid impression and understanding of those countries from them.

Mildred Winslip, Director



A SERENELY GRACEFUL AND HARMONIOUS GROUPING FROM THE CHARMING PAGEANT, "AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW," PRESENTED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS OF SIOUX CITY, IOWA



ABOVE AND AT TOP LEFT: TWO SCENES FROM AN ORIGINAL PLAY CALLED "THE MAKING OF THE FLAG" WHICH MEMBERS OF TROOP TWELVE, JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK, WROTE AND STAGED THEMSELVES. THESE PICTURES WERE TAKEN IN GOVERNOR FENTON'S MANSION, AN HISTORIC OLD JAMESTOWN HOUSE

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN APPEARED AT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY BALL IN GALAX, VIRGINIA, WHEN THIS GIRL SCOUT DONNED HER MANY-COLORED TOGS AND MERRILY BLEW HER PIPES

MAKE-BELIEVE DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

not know she had shouted the words in defiance of her own terror.

As they neared the fork, she baited her trap, using the word Jake had taught her.

"Hallelujah! Mush!" She had not told Hank, but it was on that one word that her chances hung, the one word that would bring the Dog close enough to see for himself who dared to use a word that had belonged to Jake, his master.

"Hallelujah!" She made it a wild, ringing announcement that this time the loup-garou might appear and find a welcome.

They reached the fork and Claire turned Sautuk into it, aware as she did so of the forest closing in, of the deeper gloom that lay ahead of her. But she did not look back. Whatever lay ahead she was set now, in her heart, to face it.

"Hallelujah!"

She heard Sautuk growl. The hair on the nape of her neck began to rise, but she shouted the word again and started her glance swinging to left, to right, to left again, searching for a telltale movement, white against white, dog against snow.

She looked again at Sautuk. He was slowing. He was turning from the trail. He was turning left! Claire took a line from his pointing nose, held it until tears were starting in her eyes from the strain of searching for an object that, at first, eluded her glance.

The Dog was beside her before she saw him. No more than six feet away, matching the speed of his team with uncanny skill, running beside them, eyes on the girl. And at that glimpse of him, queerly, Claire's fears fell away. She had driven him once; she could drive him again. She spoke to Sautuk.

"Whoa! Steady boy! Here we are!"

SAUTUK slowed. He stopped. Claire scarcely glanced at him, but she knew he was trembling, body still braced against the line though he was standing still, suppliant eyes turned toward his leader—who gave him no more attention than he would have given a mound of snow at his side. The Dog watched the girl. He sat on his haunches beside her sled, looking at her, his strange, fierce eyes intent and curious. They were not defiant. Claire realized that with a definite shock. She had expected anything but the natural and interested inspection he was giving her.

"Come here," she said.

The Dog sat still. But his ears pricked up and forward. He knew the words.

"Come here!" He did not move.

Claire took a step toward him. He stayed where he was.

"Come here!"

In Sautuk's throat a whining growl begged the Dog to submit. Instead, as Claire held out her hand, spoke again, he moved two steps away and sat down. She repeated her command, started forward again. The Dog moved away—and sat down.

"And I thought I could tie you to a line again," Claire said bitterly. "I thought I could put a muzzle on you and tie you!" She paused. She had almost forgotten the means she had used once before to get the silver dogs to come to her hand. She could try it again. It was the least she could do. It might work.

Aware of an inner excitement that had nothing to do now with Pete, or with King, or with the dying man, she spoke to Sautuk.

She turned her back on the Dog and gave her command to the substitute leader.

"Sautuk, haw! Turn the sled. Line 'em in. Sautuk, mush!"

Sautuk obeyed. It was on his response that the girl's plan depended. He swung his team to the left, lifting the sled from the trail, turning it in a neat half-circle that brought him about, facing the river.

"Hallelujah, white boy, mush!" As the words left her mouth she pursed her lips. Through them came the haunting, compelling melody she could never forget—Jake Connolly's whistle. It was no more than a trill of notes, its beat the mocking echo of the tread of running dogs. It was scarcely music, yet to Claire no other group of notes could match its aching melody. She whistled it softly, gently, a provocative undernote to the rush of the sled. Only an ear attuned could have heard it at all.

THE DOG was attuned. With a leap that drew a cry of startled admiration from the girl, he left his crouching position. His body a silver streak of pliant muscle, he passed the sled, the team. He passed Sautuk. He took his place at the head of the team and, before Claire could shout her relief, his slender paws were touching the frozen river and he was heading the team back toward Frozen Bend.

Claire set him straight. She sang out her praise and command in one word and saw the silver malemute turn, in one stride, to lead away toward the north, his team at his heels. Claire, riding the runners, felt them leap beneath her feet like live things set on wings.

After her first command she said no more. She didn't need to. The Dog's speed would have mocked a word as slow, as dull, as "Mush!" Claire threw back her head and laughed. It was her relief speaking, her relief and her confidence. Up ahead the silver leader heard. He quickened his pace until the girl could not believe that he was running. He was a make-believe dog, spurning the earth with four paws that moved so fast they were lost in the gloom that moved with him.

Claire couldn't believe that speed. Gripping the handlebars, feet curled to the runners, she could scarcely think, with the wind rushing past her head, with the rhythm of the dog feet up ahead thumping out a beat she could not count. Panic touched her. What if the Dog wouldn't stop? What if they had to go on like this, faster, faster, until they whirled off the earth and arrived at some destination where the Dog would sit, grinning at her while she wept?

"Oh, bosh!" She threw back her head and invited the wind. And abruptly remembered. This wasn't all fun. Up ahead Pete was moving. He had been moving while she cajoled the Dog, King in command.

King in command! But it was no use. Claire knew that. The Dog had been restored to glory and even King, the miracle, would be no match for him to-night. Claire accepted the knowledge with tightening lips. Hank had been right, then. With the silver leader restored to honor, with his own team behind him, even without Jake Connolly to drive the team, King was bested. She knew it with complete certainty when, out of the gloom ahead, she caught sight of her black loose leader swinging his team toward the fork.

In five miles—it couldn't have been more

—in five miles she had overtaken the racing string, making up thirty minutes. Making up more than that. She had spent ten minutes or more getting the Dog lined up with his team. Forty minutes—she had picked up forty minutes in five miles on the racing string.

"But that's absurd! A bird could scarcely do that!"

She was almost upon Pete before she called out his name. King turned at her voice. The one word "Whoa!" from Pete brought him to an abrupt standstill.

"Sis," Pete called. "What's happened?"

He looked at the girl, not seeing the Dog who crouched near the head of his team, eyes on King.

"Something happen to Gran?" It was Pete's first thought.

Claire shook her head.

"Turn the team and follow me," she said. "I'll tell you while we move. There's another Indian sick with botulism—at least that's what the symptoms sounded like. At Salmon Hole. He's been sick since yesterday afternoon. Does that mean we'll be too late, Pete?"

Before he answered, Pete's eyes took in the girl's sled.

"Thank God," he said, "you brought my sled. The serum is in it. We'll do what we can, Sis. All right, King, line 'em in!"

He still had not looked at the Dog. A dog team was a dog team to Pete, a means of progress from one sick person to another.

"You made good time," he said as the teams fanned out on the river, running neck and neck.

"For a very good reason!"

THEN at last Pete looked at Claire's string. He looked once, and looked again. Claire could see his eyes widening in horror as he counted her dogs, counted them twice.

"That's—the Dog! You—crazy—little—idiot!" He spaced the words as though the breath had been knocked out of him. "Here! Take your own team. I'll drive that beast."

"You'll—stay—where—you—are!" Claire, too, spaced her words, but with purpose. A growl rose in the Dog's silver throat.

"But that dog's a killer!"

"I don't care what he is. He brought this team through to overtake King. Pete!" She hated to ask the question. It stuck in her throat. "Did you—did you make King do his best?"

"I didn't need to make him," Pete answered promptly. "He's been going like greased lightning ever since we struck the trail."

"He has? But he couldn't have been! He couldn't have been doing his best. Think back, Pete. Didn't he slow somewhere, waste some time?"

"Not a minute."

"Oh, Pete!" The girl's voice was close to despair.

"Hold on, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," Claire said unhappily. "Nothing at all. Only I started thirty minutes behind you! And I had to take time out collecting the Dog. And we overtook you in five miles. Made up forty minutes in five miles. Nothing's the matter, only King is a tortoise compared to the Dog."

There were tears in her voice.

"For the love of Mike!" Pete's hearty laugh boomed (Continued on page 33)

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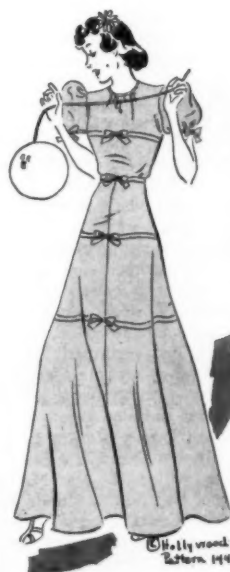
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SHIRLEY GOES TO SUNNYBROOK FARM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

will tell you gravely. She tried to dance—in imitation of her brothers, both enthusiastic "hoofers"—almost before she had learned to walk.

When she was three she went to a dancing school where she developed a small passion for tap dancing. One day, when she was three-and-a-half, several men visited the school to look the children over. They were talent scouts, seeking a Small Thing to play in Baby Burlesk Comedies.

Shirley heard them coming. Shyly, she hid behind a potted palm. The scouts questioned the other children, asked certain of them to do a few steps. And there, behind the palm, Shirley crouched while destiny waited. Suppose she hadn't come out? That might have changed movie history.

But her curiosity was strong. One of the scouts saw a peeking eye and a deep dimple. Soon, all diffidence gone, Shirley was showing what her feet could do.

A man in the watching group nodded. "She's got what it takes," he said. The others agreed.

And that is how Shirley came to play, with other children, in seven short Baby Burlesk Comedies. Her family didn't, then, take her acting very seriously.

Acting before the camera sharpened Shirley's sense of make-believe. With friends her own age she would play long games of "lady-come-to-see," with delicious tea—water, in reality—served in cracked cups masquerading as the finest china.

Just about that time, she and her brothers fell into the almost daily habit of turning on the radio full blast and dancing—all three together—to whatever music came over the air. They'd lift up their voices, too, singing with their favorites. What bedlam—and what fun!

While Shirley was playing in the short comedies, another film company had been laying plans to make a screen musical comedy, *Stand Up and Cheer!* There was a part in it for a talented child. But scouts, on the lookout, had reported "No luck." One of those most disappointed by the scouts' failure was Jay Gorney, who had composed the music for the film.

Before long a preview of a Baby Burlesk Comedy was shown at a local movie theater. Chance willed it that Mr. Gorney, Mrs. Temple, and Shirley should be in that preview's audience. Gorney liked Shirley's work. As he was leaving the theater he ran into her and her mother in the lobby, suggested to Mrs. Temple that Shirley might try for the dancing rôle in *Stand Up and Cheer!*

At home, Mrs. Temple struggled with doubts. Should the little girl go in for a career? She and her husband threshed that question out. Their decision was "yes." Shirley loved dancing above everything else—was dancing all the time, anyway. They might as well give her a chance to win a

part in this ambitious musical comedy film.

At the studio tryout that followed, Shirley was asked to perform a dance she happened to have done, often, with her brothers. She threw herself into it. Her curls flew, her eyes sparkled, her dimples—one oddly higher than the other—came and went. Soon she began to sing at the top of her lungs!

Yes, she landed the part.

In those days she was still far from being known as "the supremely talented little Miss

Temple." In fact, around the studios she sometimes went by the irreverent nickname of Wiggle Britches. She made such a sensation, however, in *Stand Up and Cheer!* that she was given a contract—discarded, later, in favor of the present one—calling for a hundred and fifty dollars a week. Now she was fairly launched on the career that was to make her Public Cherub Number One.

As she attracted more and more notice, a thorny problem grew thornier—how keep her unspoiled? Some small screen stars, realizing too keenly that they are very, very important, turn into self-conscious, smug little "smarties." This must not happen to Shirley! She must be kept simple, natural. Mrs. Temple and the studio heads decided that she should make no personal appearances, take frequent vacation trips to quiet places where she could play with children her own age. These children would be asked not to talk about pictures, or picture-making. Moreover, Shirley should be in bed every night by half-past eight.

Also, her mother tried to check any dizzy, self-important thoughts that might start spinning under Shirley's shining hair. People, meeting the child, would often praise her to her face with much delighted *ooing* and *abing*. "So this is the baby genius! Well, isn't she the cutest, prettiest, brightest, darlingest—" and so on and on.

Alone with Shirley, Mrs. Temple would sigh, think fast, and bring out something like, "Now, remember, people love you because you're good and obedient. Everybody loves all good children."

Once, after the child and her mother had gone to the elaborate premiere of *Wee Willie Winkie*, Shirley asked, "Isn't it a big thing for a little girl to have a premiere?"

"Well, you know," her mother answered, "it was really the picture's premiere. It was an honor that they let you act in such an important film."

Of course, no celebrated child can be brought up in a sort of vacuum, isolated from outside fame. The fight to keep Shirley natural has been a hard one.

When the little girl gets a new rôle, her mother tells her the complete story of the film. Shirley, seated, bright-eyed and alert, in a big chair, asks many questions. She isn't satisfied merely to know what she's expected to do in the film; she wants to know why she does it and how she's supposed to feel

when she does it. Gertrude Temple spends hours answering, trying her best to explain. In these efforts to understand, Shirley, instead of a childish game of lady-come-to-see, is playing a larger "pretend" game—but one essentially the same.

Little Miss Temple has an I. Q. (Intelligence Quotient) of one hundred and fifty-five. Her memory holds lines easily. Each evening, her mother teaches her the words she's to speak the following day. Then, next morning, together they go over them once again as Mr. Temple drives them to the studio. That's enough to fix the lines so firmly in Shirley's mind that she rarely gets mixed up. Amusingly enough, when she does make a mistake that "boner" is sometimes left in the picture.

In the making of *Heidi*, the First Small Lady of the Screen had to milk a goat. She tried and tried. No milk. At last, though, a brisk little squirt sounded against the pail. Shirley was delighted. "Oh, I got some!" she called out. The camera stopped grinding at that point and the girl whose duty it was to see that the printed lines were followed, said, "That wasn't in the script."

"It is now," said the director, Allan Dwan.

Again, in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, Shirley's tongue got ahead of her brain. In a certain speech she was supposed to use the word "independent," but made it "indecapable." Mr. Dwan said, "We'll leave that in. It may get a laugh."

The little girl coined still another word in the screening of *Rebecca*. In one scene she had to pick up a tiny pig. She handled it as gently as she could, but the piglet squealed whenever she took it into her arms and the ear-splitting noise ruined take after take. At last she turned to Mr. Dwan, said helplessly, "This baby pig's very touchative, isn't it?"

To-day, Shirley is so much more than just a gifted little girl. She's a great commercial asset. The Small Thing has become Big Business. It follows that every change in her appearance that might affect her popularity starts a debate as solemn as if it concerned the putting up of a block of buildings.

In the production of *Rebecca*, to illustrate, there was the burning question of Shirley's coiffure. Should it be changed for the film sequences? The dilemma was ended when Mrs. Temple simply pulled back the curls from the front of her daughter's head and tied them, behind each ear, with a ribbon. This helped to make the little girl look countrified.

Shirley's golden ringlets are a sort of trademark and so are of international importance. After her curls have been correctly arranged there are, it seems, exactly fifty-six of them: no more, no less. It's stated, definitely, in her contract that only Mrs. Temple has a right to touch them. Such important curls! Rarely does a day go by when the little girl's mother doesn't get a letter asking for "just one curl, please." Once, when mother and daughter were shopping, an old lady with an innocent face did actually clip off a ringlet with a pair of manicure scissors.

The studio has been as solicitous about pleasing the young star as it has been about her appearance. Last year, for instance, the whole company knocked off work for half a day to give her a surprise Hallowe'en party.



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Then there was the dilemma of the trailer. The studio had ordered an automobile trailer for Shirley as a dressing room when she started work in *Rebecca*. The head man of the department in charge of dressing rooms paid a call on her to ask her what color she wished the trailer painted.

"Well," said the world's most famous little actress, "my favorite color is red and blue and purple and yellow. Oh, yes—and green."

The man's thoughts went round and round. Then he decided to take her first choice. The trailer was painted red.

This child whom everybody wishes to please is, none the less, unselfish. She's no arrogant little queen lording it over a celluloid domain. On the contrary, she has a strongly developed sense of fairness. For example, take her attitude toward her "stand-in."

Every star has a stand-in: a person of approximately the same height, weight, and general build, whose duty it is to spare the principal by taking up positions on the set during the tedious times when cameras are being focused. Shirley's stand-in is little Mary Lou Islied. The two treat each other as equals and friends. When Mary Lou is doing something really important, such as making a doll's dress, Shirley insists on standing in, herself.

The almost-nine-year-old Miss Temple is normally mischievous, likes practical jokes, is so fond of violent romping that the studio heads are often worried lest she lose too much weight. Sometimes she looks, approximately, like an angel, but there's nothing saintly about her. People who know her well say that she can be downright naughty, but they go on to add that she's one of the very nicest children they ever knew. And the small story-book heroine of *Rebecca* is precisely that sort—"the nicest child in American literature," the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich once called her. It's a case of a nice child playing the part of a nice child.

The *Rebecca* who moves so heart-warmingly through the book came to Kate Douglas Wiggin in a strange way. One day, while recovering from an illness, she had a sort of waking dream. In it she saw a little girl looking out of the window of an old-fashioned stagecoach. Later, fully awake, she wondered who the child might be, where she was going, whence she came, and in finding imaginary answers to these questions the book began to take form. She was haunted for weeks by a mental picture of that dream child's face—eager, piquant, with a touch of quaintness in it. If she could watch Shirley on the screen, in the rôle of *Rebecca*, perhaps she would see her dream picture come to life.

MAKE-BELIEVE DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

against her ears. "Is that what's worrying you? Forget it. I stopped in at Sam Holcomb's to order a new harness for Dado. The Dog nearly shredded the one he's been wearing."

"You did, Pete? Honestly?"

"Honestly!"

"How long were you there?"

"Well—" She could see Pete's affection battling with his native honesty.

"I want the truth," she said quietly.

"Not more than half an hour, Sis, I'm afraid. At the most."

Half an hour. Then the Dog had picked up only ten minutes. Also at the most. But this was the second run King had made that day. And it was the first time the Dog had been allowed to command his team since Jake Connolly had been his driver!

"I feel better," Claire said. As they turned from the river to take the fork that led into Salmon Hole she repeated the statement. "I feel a whole lot better," she said. But she knew that she would still have to face Hank, to hear his exultant, "I told you so!"

"It wasn't a fair test," she told herself and knew that, so far as it went, that statement was true.

The missionary nurse had waited for them. She came out of one of the dirty Indian huts as the native dogs set up a clamor of derision for the teams entering their village. Miss Parker, the nurse, was tall and spare, at once kindly in demeanor and severe.

"Queerest case I ever saw," Claire heard her say. She was too busy just then to hear more.

Pete followed Miss Parker into the hut and Claire had her hands full with the teams. Both had to be tied, she knew that. The Dog knew it, too, or perhaps the privilege he had been accorded had tamed his wild spirit for the moment. Claire was careful not to let

her hand linger on him; she scarcely touched him, but the Dog made no move to hurt her. He quivered, but stood without protest as she tied him to a short line. His team she left loose around him. She turned to King.

"You, too, boy," she said. "We're not going to have a dog fight. Not to-night."

She was conscious of the eyes of curious Indians, peering at her from the huts near by, but she had grouped the dogs wisely and swung the sleds close in around them. No one but the most curious would have troubled to investigate the teams, and, without investigation, the Dog would go unnoticed among them. Too, the deepest gloom of the night was upon them; it was late.

As Claire turned from the sled, Pete poked his head out of the hut door.

"Bring that smaller package of serum," he called. "It's tucked down between the larger package of the same stuff and a box of spare bandage." He drew in his head.

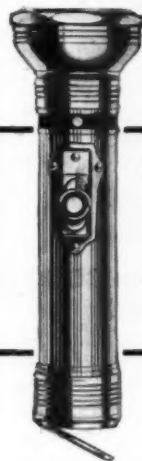
Claire found the smaller package and turned to the door just as Miss Parker came through it, an Indian boy dressed for the trail at her heels.

"Well, I'll go on then," Claire heard her say, "if you're sure you don't need me."

A moment later she was tucking herself into a sled that stood ready nearby, dogs already tied to the line. The native boy stepped to the runners. His command rang out and the sled moved off, bound for Tokece.

Inside the hut the fetid odors were just beginning to give way before the fresh air coming through the one small window which, Claire judged, Miss Parker had opened. A tallow candle in a rusty tin can gave the only light. Pete's face, bent over an Indian lying on a pile of dirty blankets and furs, was ghostly in that light, but the face of the sick Indian looked even less real. He was conscious. His throat moved convulsively as though he were trying to speak, but only indistinguishable sounds came from his mouth. Claire knew without (Continued on page 35)

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MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES by ELIZABETH ANTHONY

*A fetching smock, or a stunning tunic blouse, can
be made from this same pattern*

JUST about the most useful garment a busy girl can have in her wardrobe is a smock, especially if it is as attractive as this one—with its princess lines, new long length, and short puffed sleeves. One might just as easily look smart when dusting, straightening dresser drawers, or studying, as when relaxing with one's favorite book.

You who are venturing on your first sewing "bee," will find this smock a wise choice for a beginner. Of course, there's some fitting to do, unless you have a figure with standard measurements. Princess lines should fit fairly snug at the waist line and it is important that the narrowest part of the pattern should be even with your waist line, which is determined by placing your right hand on your hip, and swinging the upper portion of the body to the right. The natural bend is the waist line.

One should always fit the pattern before placing it on material for cutting, by pinning all pieces together, taking up the seam allowance (which is one-half of an inch), and then trying it on. Stand before your mirror and examine it closely. Is it too short-waisted, too long, or just right?

Spread out your cutting and sewing instructions enclosed with pattern. On Page 1 are illustrated instructions for lengthening or shortening your pattern. On this same page are several layout diagrams for various sizes and widths of materials. You have decided on the length of the sleeve; then check the layout corresponding to your size and the width of your material. Follow this layout for placing pattern on the material.

Materials chosen should be washable and can be very inexpensive—such as percale, cambric, novelty cottons, shantung, chintz, or pongee—but more expensive materials—linen, taffeta, or gingham—also make up attractively.



Pattern 1293
Sizes 8 to 20
Price 15 cents

On page 1, under "General Instructions," is an explanation of symbols used in the pattern. For example, "V" indicates seam joinings. The small perforations along edges of pattern mark the half-inch seam allowance. Before removing pattern from material, run a basting thread line down the center front and back. Mark position for buttonholes with chalk, or tailor's tacks. To make tailor's tacks, use a double thread and insert needle through perforation. Take a short stitch, bringing needle back up through perforation. Draw thread through, leaving long end and loop. Take another stitch across the first, leaving long end. Separate the two thicknesses of material, clipping threads between. Notches along the edge of the pattern should be cut about one-eighth of an inch deep, through both thicknesses of material.

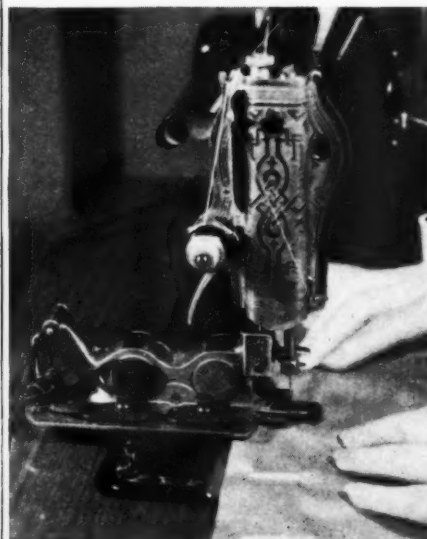
Turn your sewing guide to Page 2. You are now ready to put the main pieces together. A good rule to follow is to pin the seam before you baste, then baste before you stitch. Before stitching, try garment on to see if any adjustments are necessary. It is easier to take out basteings than machine stitches.

All seams should be stitched from the top to the lower edge. Match all corresponding notches and press each seam as stitched.

Fabric-bound buttonholes or worked buttonholes are equally smart and appropriate. The worked buttonholes are easily and quickly made on the sewing machine. The attachment is set for length of buttonhole desired. Use a thread of fast color which matches fabric. For bound buttonholes, see Section 3, Page 2, of your cutting and sewing guide. These should be made before the facing is applied, and should measure slightly more than one-eighth of an inch longer than the width of your button.

Finish inside seams by pinking the edges, or by overcasting.

Next, attach collar and facing, then apply pockets. Finish top of pocket with a three-quarter inch hem. Turn under seam allowance around edges of pocket



WORKED BUTTONHOLES ARE EASILY MADE ON THE SEWING MACHINE, WITH THE PROPER ATTACHMENT

and baste; then press. Pin pocket to position as indicated by the small perforations on the pattern, baste and stitch.

Put in sleeves next, following your guide step by step; then put in the hem, sew on the buttons, and give the final pressing. I'll wager you'll have a smock you'll be proud of—and made so quickly, too.

If you want another smock, you can make it in one afternoon. Use the same pattern, but with a different effect. You may accent the long seam lines by using two rows of top machine-stitching. Another idea is to trim with rickrack braid by inserting braid in seam, allowing points to extend beyond the seam. Piping may be used, also. Wear the collar

open, or you might close it with a bow tie.

This smock may be made in shorter lengths if desired, or you may leave off the pockets and wear it as a tunic with separate skirts.

If you aren't particularly confident about your sewing ability, it is possible that you may find a sewing school in your city which will be glad to help the readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL with any sewing problem, even to teaching them how to make a dress or smock. Get a few of your friends together when you do so, as it is always more fun with several girls sewing together.

Pattern 1293 is a Hollywood pattern which may be ordered direct from THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 W. 49th St., New York City. The price is fifteen cents. Be sure to state size when ordering.

MAKE-BELIEVE DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

looking again at Pete's face that the man was far gone.

"Get another pan of water boiling!"

Pete might have been speaking to a stranger, so impersonal his voice. It startled Claire at first, until she remembered. To-night she was Nurse Claire Jameson and Pete was the doctor, her superior. She turned to the miserable stove. Later she drew off her parka, and still later she remembered the lunch Gran had packed. Pete took time out to share it with her. His patient lay motionless now, not even trying to speak. Claire lifted her eyes, asking the doctor a question. He shook his head.

"No telling," he said. "He may live. He may die. You did your best, Claire. If he'd let us know earlier—but these natives!" Pete got up and strode up and down until he discovered that the cramped quarters hindered rather than helped him work off exasperation. "This is what you'll be up against, Sis!" He flung out an angry hand. "Dirt, squalor, stupidity! This is one instance of it, but you'll meet it everywhere. And you'll hate it as much as I do. And yet," he looked at the man on the bed, "to save one life—" He didn't finish the sentence. "You ought to get some sleep," he said.

"Here!" Claire looked around her in appalled negation.

Pete's grin was involuntary. "That should be one point against you in the test," he said, "but I don't blame you. Take that box and move it over to the window where you'll get the fresh air. Relax as much as you can. I'll let you know if I need you."

Claire sat still fully ten minutes, but her eyes moved restlessly around the meager quarters, observing the tumble-down structure in one corner which had once been a bunk, but had fallen apart and had never been repaired. Under it was a miscellany of junk, most of which was so dilapidated and nondescript that Claire could not identify it. Discarded tin cans lay on the floor where they had been thrown. Obviously this Indian had developed a taste for white man's provender. Dried salmon hadn't satisfied all his hunger cravings. He'd had to have—

Abruptly Claire rose and crossed the room to crouch down, peering at one of the cans. Even in the flickering candlelight, at that close range she could and did identify it.

"Pete!" she spoke sharply. Her tense tone drew Pete's attention.

"Keep your voice low," he warned her. "The fellow's resting at last. What's the matter?"

For answer his sister held up a tin can. "Well?" Pete was still in the dark.

"It's a sausage can," Claire told him in a whisper. "You remember the sausage I brought from Toke? But, no, of course you don't. You didn't have any."

She would have gone on, but Pete was beside her now. He took the can from her hand almost roughly. He looked in it, smelled it. Then, going to the stove, he thrust it into the coals.

"That'll take care of that," he said grimly. "That's the answer, Sis. That's what I've been looking for, an explanation of how these Indians, living on salmon and on the canned stuff all of us regularly eat, could have contracted botulism. Sausage! Why, the common name of botulism is sausage poisoning. But where did they get the stuff?"

"From Tel Patrick!" Claire had the whole picture now. She spread it before Pete in swift, concise words. "But," she paused to look up at her brother, "Gran served some of it. We all ate it. Nothing happened to us."

"Of course not! Gran had sense enough to cook the stuff through before serving it. These Indians, Hungry Charlie and this one, couldn't wait for that. They ate it cold from the can. No wonder Charlie didn't mention the sausage among the foods he'd had recently. He knew from Tel that the stuff was stolen. How many cans were taken?"

"Six, I think," Claire looked at her brother anxiously.

"Well," Pete's face was resigned, "that means four more cases of botulism ahead of us. I hope the serum holds out. It's all we can get, short of sending Hans out to the States."

Claire went back to her place at the window. She was very tired, tired enough to go to sleep sitting up. She decided to try it. There was a shelf near the window, and she fetched her parka and spread it to protect her head from the dirt. She put her head down on the fur and dozed off.

How long she slept she didn't know. She woke with a start. Something, someone had moved nearby. Outside the hut. She glanced over her shoulder. Pete was bending over his patient again, ministering to him. Claire looked through the small window-opening. It was snowing again. The flakes fell in dizzy, whirling triumph, blotting out the sky.

"Bad trail going home," was Claire's automatic reaction. She decided it was the snow that had roused her. She lowered her head again, sought her uncomfortable pillow. But some sixth sense kept her eyes on the window.

She heard the strange sound again, a furtive movement. Slowly, (Continued on page 38)



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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

The hardy, daring men who take newsreel pictures have long roused interest. But they've gripped the public's imagination more firmly than ever since films showing the sinking of the *Panay* were flown across the Pacific and run off before millions of startled eyes.

New York, not Hollywood, is the newsreel center. Newsreel men, it seems, work in crews. Each crew is composed of a cameraman and an expert who operates the sound-recording apparatus. These fellows make small salaries, according to Hollywood standards, but often take big risks.

A certain crew, for instance, stayed near the top of Vesuvius during the 1929 eruption. Molten lava streamed past the two men, ex-



plosions half deafened them, the ground shook under their feet, they had to grope through choking sulphur gas. But they got their pictures.

Such men have risked their lives in revolutions, riots, wars. Several came near being burned to death when the *Hindenburg* exploded at Lakehurst, New Jersey. One "covered" the 1925 eclipse of the sun while flying twenty thousand feet above the earth at a temperature of eighty degrees below zero. He came down, developed his plates, told a reporter his story—and collapsed.

A certain large movie company—typical of many—keeps eight crews in New York, all set to cover local news, or to hop on planes and roar to distant points. Also, it maintains several crews at Chicago, Washington, and Los Angeles. These men, as a type, are quiet, almost self-effacing, but fighters if roused, and tireless in action.

STORMS ON THE SUN

Here is an interesting fact: sun spots can affect human activities. These blotches, it appears, are caused by tremendous whirling storms in the sun's hot gases. They are dark only by contrast with the blinding brilliance of surrounding areas.

Such spots hurl out countless particles called electrons, which penetrate the earth's atmosphere and tend to electrify it. The dark patches occur in cycles which attain a maximum about every eleven and one-tenth years.

In 1938 one of these cycles reaches its height. So it's not surprising that, in January, astronomers were studying one of the biggest sun spots ever seen.

The electrons that this and other spots sent out were followed by auroral displays so brilliant that forest rangers and fire departments were called out to extinguish "conflagrations." They disturbed short-wave radio communication and tied up telephone systems in parts of France.

Meteorologists are waiting to see whether increasing sun-spot intensity will affect the weather and bring volcanic eruptions.

You will hear people asking if the present disturbed state of the world is due, partly, to sun spots. After 1938 the cycle will decline in intensity for about six years. Will lessening electrical activity bring calmer conditions? Scientists haven't given this idea their blessing, but it's an ingenious thought.

BIRD WITH A BRIGHT IDEA

Marco is a hermit thrush with a Success Story. The story began one cold day in the winter of 1935-36 when a postman carried Marco into a New York florist's shop. Not that the thrush had been dropped into a mail box—the kindly postman had picked him up, half frozen, on the sidewalk.

The florist revived him, gave him seed, water, and a name. Later, worms, bred especially for him, were added to his daily diet.



Living an uncaged life among flowers and growing plants, Marco grew tame and contented. He filled the store with his beautiful song. But in the spring he flew away through the open door.

The winter of 1936-37 passed with no sign of Marco. Last October, though, on a chilly day a thrush came tapping at the florist's door. Was it Marco? The storekeeper wondered, but took him in. He was sure it was when the bird made himself at home, falling into Marco's old habits and singing in Marco's fine voice in payment for his board and lodging.

The Audubon Society is planning to "band" Marco's leg so he can be identified if he flies away and returns. At this writing he's still in the store, wearing a jaunty air that seems to say, "Only nitwits fly South."

MR. DISNEY OUTDOES HIMSELF

Mickey, that international Mouse, is a hero in no fewer than thirty-eight countries. He has carried the name of his creator, Walt Disney, around the world.

Many a man might be content to rest on such laurels as Disney has won, might confine himself merely to turning out a succession of Mickeys and Donald Ducks. Not so Mr. Disney. He didn't stop making his well-loved short subjects, but he believed that the animated cartoon had a wider future. With his hundreds of assistants he set to work.

Out of hopes and labors there emerged something new—*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, the first feature-length animated cartoon. Released in January, it made movie history. By the time it was completed, after



three years of work, Mr. Disney's studio had spent a million and a half dollars on it.

The making of even a short animated cartoon is a complex job. First, half a dozen men sit around a table at conferences in which ideas for a new film are discussed. Some of these men are artists and can work up suggestions into quick sketches. When these have been sifted and approved, "animators" go to work making pencil drawings. A "short" the length of *Three Little Pigs* calls for some twelve thousand penciled pictures. (In the case of *Snow White*, about two and a half million were made, but only two hundred and fifty thousand were used.) Each drawing moves the action along just a little, so that when the film is run off the characters come to life.

The little pictures are then traced on sheets of celluloid, inked in, colored, and photographed.

Walt Disney—there's a sketch of him above—lived on a farm as a boy. There he made friends with animals and barnyard fowls and tried to sketch them. Later, as a cartoonist, he drew four-legged or feathered characters by preference, but had a struggling time till he linked his fortunes with those of Mickey Mouse.

"My stars are easier to deal with than human ones," he will tell you. "They don't get tired, or sick, or temperamental. They stay the same age. Best of all, they never ask for a raise!"

THE MAN FROM HEAVEN

Does Japan's emperor believe himself a god? No one can answer that question. But his subjects undoubtedly believe that he is. To them their Mikado, Hirohito, is the direct descendant of Ama-terasu, the sun-goddess who came down from heaven to establish Japan. He is, therefore, all wisdom. He can never make a mistake. Japan's victories in the present struggle with China are, it's held, due to him. Triumph must come in the end—through him.

The Japanese hold him in such reverence that no tailor is permitted to touch his person, even to take his measurements. The imperial tailor must keep his distance, take a look, and guess. The court physician may count the divine pulse, but he must do it with silk gloves on!

Once when the "Son of Heaven" was riding in his celestial car, a tire blew out. The chauffeur killed himself.

When Hirohito was a child he, with a small group of nobly-born boys, was given instruction through lectures, but he never had to pass examinations, was never even questioned. Who can say how much he learned?

In 1921—he was twenty at the time—he made a trip to Paris, an astonishing thing the like of which none of his ancestors had done. Further, while there, he insisted on changing clothes with his aide and going out into the streets alone. His first breath of freedom! He has never, so far as is known, had a second.

His manner, though gracious, is said to be nervous. Being a god is, perhaps, an extremely trying job.

MARS BOOSTS HIS PRICES

Twenty thousand dollars a minute! This is the appalling rate at which Europe is pouring money into war and preparations for war. It is an index of the situation the United States, with its preparedness program, must face.

The advance in the cost of war materials is astonishing. Twenty years ago a battleship of the finest could be built for about thirty million dollars. To-day the cost is about sixty million—a sum which would found a college. One could build a good house for the price of a single torpedo—upwards of twelve thousand dollars. Japan, bombing China, pays eight



hundred dollars a bomb. Even a good-sized shell costs ten dollars.

In a single day of raging battle, a hundred and fifty thousand troops can use up two million dollars worth of ammunition.

The total bill for the Sino-Japanese war, so far, has been put at seven billion, and Japan's monthly expenses at one-hundred-and-fifty million.

Britain has a five-year rearmament program which will cost her, roughly, what she spent in the World War's four years of fighting—that is, about seven and a half billions.

Peace lovers hope that the high cost of war will eventually be its cure.

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MAKE-BELIEVE DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

cautiously, a head moved into sight. Two blank, staring eyes sought Claire's.

Before she could speak, before she began consciously to think, two words rose to her lips and echoed in her drowsy brain. "Loup-garou!"

She sat there hypnotised, unable to move under those staring eyes. She saw the man's half-starved, bearded face; saw the deep-sunk eyes and the high-boned cheeks. Without looking further, she knew this was the specter that had been on her trail. This was the Dog's alter-ego. But outside the Dog was tied!

Or was he? Had he assumed his other shape, come to taunt her?

"I'm asleep," Claire thought. "I must wake up." But she still couldn't speak. And as she continued to look at the lost and haunted countenance so close to her own, it began to take on a familiar shape. The shape of some face she had known long ago, a face she had almost forgotten.

"Asleep," Claire mumbled to herself. "I'm still asleep."

At her voice Pete looked up. "Who's that?" His sharp voice broke the spell laid on Claire. She jerked to her feet.

Silently as it had come, the head vanished.

"Pete!" Claire ran to the door. "It's the loup-garou! Get him! Stop him! We've got to know the answer."

She threw open the door and raced into the night. Behind her she heard the rush of Pete's footsteps. He had a flashlight in his hand and his first move was toward the sleds where the Dog was tied. The lamp's searching beam picked out the silver leader, his pale, narrow eyes blinking as the light caught him full.

"Behind the house!" Claire led the way, but they were too late. Whoever had been there, whatever the girl had seen, it was gone and the thickness of the falling snow had covered its retreat. Only its tracks were there, faint depressions already filling with snow. They were the tracks of a man.

Pete stood, flashlight turned on those tracks, unaware of the cold, forgetful of his bared head.

"That face," he said thoughtfully. "I've seen it somewhere before, Sis. A long time ago, but I can't remember. Who was it? He's changed. He's older. He's—he's out of his mind, Sis. Whoever it is, he's—gone crazy!"

Claire agreed mutely. Without volition her mind was showing her again that face with its vague familiarity, its staring eyes.

"Let's get inside," Pete said brusquely. "You'll catch cold."

But Claire did not move. She had heard something, some noise that came from the dogs. She heard a man's soft murmur, a dog's soft growl. Then Sautuk whined, a throaty, joyous, swiftly muzzled dog-speech as though a hand had closed gently around his jaws, warning caution.

"He's over near the teams!" The girl's lips were stiff.

Pete swung his light. As he did so a voice rang out. A haunting voice, a voice not new to Claire. And as it spoke, a familiar cadence in its depths, the answer came suddenly to the girl.

It said one word, "Hallelujah!"

As that word rang out, Claire grabbed Pete's arm. There was the rush of a sled going past them, the rhythmic beat of dog feet picking up a trail.

"Pete!" Claire whispered. "You know who it is?"

"It's Jake!" Pete spoke as though the words had been put in his mouth.

"Yes," Claire's voice rang out in pity. "It's Jake, Jake Connolly, and he's driving the silver team."

(To be continued)

MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

the finals. Or you can make up your own arrangements for the race. Anyway you do it, it is good fun and the turtles look very comical.

Here is a game that will keep a houseful of young people entertained for hours at a time—just the thing for a rainy afternoon, or a long rainy week-end. Adjust the rules to suit your crowd. You will need a map of the United States, as large a one as you can get. The United States Geological Survey has several of various sizes which can be purchased from any map store for around fifty cents. You will also need two dice and a shaker, some buttons to be used as locomotives, several sheets of white cardboard, and a bottle of black ink.

To make the game, with the black ink draw dots on the map about a quarter of an inch in diameter at each of the principal cities (say the twenty largest, or any other places in which you are especially interested). Then draw in some of the principal railroad lines connecting the large dots—not all the railroads that there are, as this would be too confusing, but enough so all of the large dots are connected. On these railroad lines place smaller black dots at some of the towns or cities in between the large cities.

Cut up one sheet of white cardboard into pieces one and a half inches long and a half inch wide. On some of these write, or print, the names of all of the places represented by the large black dots on the map. On similar pieces of cardboard write the names of Pullman cars—make up names yourself, forty or more, such as "Night Beam," "Star," "Black Diamond," etc. This set should be made in duplicate—that is, there should be two cards for each Pullman car name.

Make a bulletin board for keeping track of the Pullman cars. Use a large piece of

cardboard for this. Divide it into columns, one for each of the large cities represented by the large dots on your map. Beneath the name of the city paste down the lower edges and ends of strips of paper to make a series of racks or slides to hold the Pullman car names. Or if this is too much trouble, you can merely fasten the names of the Pullman cars to the bulletin board with thumb tacks.

To play the game, first take one set of the cards representing car names and place them on the bulletin board so as to distribute them among all of the major cities. Place the other set of cards in a box and shuffle them. Place the pieces of cardboard on which are written the names of the major cities in a second box and shuffle them.

Any number of people—two or more—can play the game. The player selects one of the buttons, or whatever is being used for locomotives. Each player may decide the city from which to start, or every one may start from the same city—say the one in which you live, or the one nearest to it. Having decided where to begin, one of the players draws a card from the box in which the Pullman car names have been placed. The name of this car is then looked up on the bulletin board to find out where it is. Then the name of a city is drawn out of the second box.

Suppose the player is starting from New York and draws the car named "Night Beam," which according to the bulletin board is at Denver, and the name of the city drawn is Portland, Maine. This player by shaking the dice and moving his locomotive one dot (small or large) for each spot on the dice, must go from New York to Denver to get his car, and then move to Portland, Maine, to deliver the car there. When that has been done, the duplicate card for "Night Beam" is changed on the bulletin from Denver to Port-

land, Maine, so that the next person drawing this car has to go there to get it. Each player shakes the dice in turn, moving his car only as far as the spots on the dice indicate, in one play.

The person who delivers the most cars in a given time, or who first delivers a given number of cars—say ten—is the winner of the game.

After drawing either car or city name cards from either of the boxes, they are immediately returned to the boxes as soon as the names have been noted. In going from one city to another, a player may choose his own route. Any rules desired may be made as to whether two or more locomotives may occupy the same dot at the same time, or whether one must be taken up and returned to some other point. In picking up a car, or delivering a car at one of the major cities, the player must have a number on one of the dice which will land him on the large dot.

If you are giving a party for boys and girls, it is fun occasionally to have some interesting way for the guests to pair off as supper time draws near. For instance, you may give the boys slips of paper with riddles or questions written on them. The answers are on similar slips which you give out to the girls. The boys take the initiative and discuss with each girl the possibility of her being "the answer" he is seeking. This type of thing is amusing if the questions are lively and the answers reasonably funny. In most public libraries there are books containing suitable material of this kind.

Another way is to give each boy a slip of paper with the name of some occupation written on it. He is told to go in search of "the right girl" for a man of his profession. Thus, a boy with "Doctor" written on his slip may find a girl named (Continued on page 50)

WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

THE BUCCANEER. A fascinating yarn laid in the bayous of New Orleans in the early 1800's. The story is that of Jean Lafitte (Fredric March), a pirate who wishes to reform and marry a New Orleans belle. He reckons without a determined little Dutch girl (Franciska Gaal) whom he once befriended. General Andrew Jackson is well characterized by Hugh Sothorn. An outstanding picture, with excellent acting by all the cast, beautifully photographed, well directed. (Paramount)

GOLGOTHA. A well-produced film showing the events leading up to the crucifixion on Calvary from the triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Excellent acting by all the members of the cast, photography compelling in its beauty, and a simple treatment of the theme which is very effective, distinguish this film. (Golgotha Corp.)

IN OLD CHICAGO. Chicago in the roistering days of its youth when its streets were little more than mud, politicians' money flowed freely in The Patch, and through it all the O'Leary family worked out its destiny—one son on the side of the law (Don Ameche), another an engaging rascal (Tyronne Power) with political ambitions. As Molly O'Leary, Alice Brady gives an excellent performance. (Fox)

PARADISE FOR THREE. First contest prize-winner (Robert Young) and second prizewinner (Frank Morgan), a fortune seeker (Mary Astor) and many other amusing characters assemble at a resort hotel. Excellent comedy. (MGM)

THE RIVER. The story of the Mississippi, interesting and intelligently presented. Excellent educational picture. (U.S.Govt.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. Altogether charming and delightful are these storybook characters—Snow White, the sturdy dwarfs, and the friendly woodland animals. Especially deserving of mention are the songs and the music which accompany the action. One regrettable sequence with a skeleton. An exceptionally fine production deserving the highest praise. Excellent. (RKO)

Good

BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE. A tale of Western outlaws done in the grand manner, with more than a hint of burlesque on the usual Western melodramas. Wallace Beery is excellent, and the supporting cast good. Sepia photography adds beauty to the desert scenes. (MGM)

BORN TO THE WEST. Western in which a ne'er-do-well is reformed when he falls in love. Beautiful scenery. (Paramount)

LOVE AND HISSES. The Winchell-Bernie feud is continued and Simone Simon demonstrates that she can sing, in a light story with much spectacle and some good musical numbers. (Fox)

LOVE IS A HEADACHE. Amusing story about a feud between a columnist (Franchot Tone) and an actress (Gladys George) who for once in her life is not seeking publicity when she adopts two orphans (Virginia Weidler and Mickey Rooney). (MGM)



A SCENE FROM "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS," SHOWING THE DESPAIRING SNOW WHITE BEING COMFORTED BY THE FRIENDLY LITTLE ANIMALS OF THE FOREST

MAMA RUNS WILD. Domestic comedy about a henpecked husband who finds himself running for mayor against his wife (Mary Boland). (Rep.)

OLD BARN DANCE. Singing cowboy discovers a plot against his band just in time. (Rep.)

PARTNERS OF THE PLAINS. Another Hop-along Cassidy series of daring adventures, fast riding, and beautiful scenery. (Paramount)

ROLL ALONG, COWBOY. Routine Western with good singing. (Fox)

ROSALIE. Romance between princess of a mythical kingdom (Eleanor Powell) and a West Point cadet (Nelson Eddy). Good comedy supplied by Frank Morgan and Ray Bolger. Very lavish sets and elaborate dance numbers. (MGM)

SERGEANT MURPHY. The devotion of a soldier to his horse and his schemes to get both out of the Army make an agreeable story which will appeal especially to lovers of horses. (Warner)

SH! THE OCTOPUS. Burlesque of a murder mystery featuring Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins as two slow-witted detectives. (First Nat'l.)

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES. Singing cowboy (Gene Autry) helps a girl get started on the ranch she has inherited. (Rep.)

WALLABY JIM OF THE ISLANDS. Pearl fishing in the South Seas is the setting for a story of rival traders. (GN)

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART. Publicity stunt to save a show from an unfortunate opening date, results in all sorts of complications for the star (Alice Faye). Entertaining musical comedy. (Universal)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

THE BUCCANEER
PARADISE FOR THREE
THE RIVER
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Good

BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE
BORN TO THE WEST
GOLGOTHA (good but long; see description under "Excellent" above)
IN OLD CHICAGO (long and exciting but good; see under "Excellent" above)
LOVE AND HISSES
MAMA RUNS WILD
OLD BARN DANCE
PARTNERS OF THE PLAINS
ROLL ALONG, COWBOY
ROSALIE
SERGEANT MURPHY
SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES
WALLABY JIM OF THE ISLANDS
YOU'RE A SWEETHEART

For descriptions of these Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading.



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SAVDSELL CAMPBELL

IS THERE anyone who does not enjoy planning for the future! There are plans for fun, plans for family and friends, and, of course, plans for work. Often in the plans for work you are really beginning the important things you will do when you grow up. Each of you wants to do the things that most nearly fulfill your dream of life.

Manya, whom you will meet in *Madame Curie*, by Eve Curie (Doubleday Doran) was a Polish girl who dreamed dreams. She had one gift, that of complete absorption in whatever she was doing. This made her different and amusing to her sisters and friends. One time her playmates built a scaffolding of chairs about Manya as she sat lost in her reading. "Two chairs on each side, one behind, two others on top of the first three, and one at the summit crowning the edifice. . . They retired in silence, and pretended to work. Then they waited." They waited and waited, for Manya had noticed nothing of the building and laughter. When she finally arose with a clatter of chairs, there was no anger in her face at the stupidity of the childish trick.

Manya read a great deal as a girl. She loved poetry, scholastic manuals, adventure stories, and technical works that she borrowed from her father's laboratory. The fascinating apparatus in her father's science case held her spellbound. One day as she stood completely absorbed in the bliss of looking at them, he told her their name—"Physics apparatus."

"She did not forget it—she never forgot anything—and, as she was in high spirits, she sang the words in tune."

The little peasant children, whom she later taught, never suspected that their young teacher longed to be a student again herself and that she much preferred learning to teaching. There came a day when she attended the Sorbonne in Paris. She felt like a fairy princess though she lived in a poor, bare room. Science was the most enthralling thing in the world to her. Manya was happy. She studied and studied. She felt that she could learn everything in mathematics, physics, and chemistry. The Master's degree in physics, and, later, one in mathematics were earned.

Sympathy found in an intense interest in science first drew Manya to her future husband, Pierre Curie. They found great joy and satisfaction in their long research and discovery of radioactivity. Manya—whom we must now call "Marie"—wrote her sister during the time of her great search for this new matter, "Life is not easy for any of us. But what of that? We must have perseverance, and, above all, confidence in ourselves. We must believe that we are gifted for something, and that this thing, at whatever cost, must be attained."

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association Board for Work with Children and Young People

After the discovery of radium, Marie put aside any idea of commercial gain by saying, "Physicists always publish their research completely. If our discovery has a commercial future, that is an accident by which we must not profit. And radium is going to be of use in treating disease. . . It seems impossible to take advantage of that."

Marie's life was characterized by singleness of purpose, a quality characteristic of those who have achieved greatly. The martyrdom of Joan of Arc comes to mind as it is presented by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton in *Jeanne d'Arc* (Stokes), a straightforward sympathetic account of the heroine. Florence Nightingale, too, as she is described in *Florence Nightingale, the Angel of the Crimea*, by Laura E. Richards (Appleton-Century) showed the same vigor and spirit. Anna Howard Shaw is an example of an American girl who persevered in her study of medicine and the ministry, and who later became one of the most effective speakers for the suffrage movement. She tells her own story thrillingly in *The Story of a Pioneer* (Harper).

A recent volume of letters of an American woman, Mary Lyon, whose dream of achievement was to provide better education for girls, may be read in *Mary Lyon Through Her Letters*, as edited by Marion Lansing (Books, Inc.). The great persistence Mary Lyon showed in getting her own education is significant. She once learned and recited the contents of a Latin grammar between Friday afternoon and the close of school on Monday. Upon being questioned, she said, "Oh, it was one of those schools where they do nothing but study and recite. . . you just learned what was in the book. . . So you see, it was no great feat after all."

Miss Lyon was convinced that there was need of a permanent seminary of high character for girls where those preparing to teach "might come together, together receive instruction, form and mature their plans, and exert over each other's views and feelings an extensive and powerful influence." The school that is now called Mount Holyoke College bears testimony to the influence of this noble woman of the early nineteenth century.

There are a group of story books that have recently been published which tell something

of careers. Marjorie Hill Allee's *The Great Tradition* (Houghton) concerns itself with a group of students at Chicago University who are working in the science laboratories. Merrit Lane is having her first experience in a large university laboratory; Charlotte White, a Southerner, deceives her friends in the attitude she takes toward her work; Jenny Wilson and Anna Clothier are the older, more experienced members of the household who occupy a tiny apartment; Hilda, the janitor's little crippled daughter, and Delina Johnson, a colored girl who is attempting to do research, present two different problems in careers. The girls and their friends are well described, and you will feel as though you had shared their experiences. If your interest is science, or if you want a good story about life at a large university to-day, you will want to read the book.

Then there is the story, *A Place for Herself*, by Adèle de Leeuw, (Macmillan). Gail Sherwood is forced to stay at home after she graduates from high school. She is ambitious, but without resources. You will read how she succeeds in establishing a circulating library and bookstore. The group of friends she makes add much to the joy she finds in her flourishing business.

Peggy Covers Washington, by Emma Bugbee, (Dodd, Mead) is to-day's story of what happened to Peggy when she was sent to Washington to cover an address by the President to a great international women's meeting. The author is a staff reporter on the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

Peggy feels nervously in her bag for her admission card. Without the card, she would not have been allowed to enter. She meets other reporters, friendly and hostile. Peggy works hard to take down every word of the speech of welcome in longhand, only to learn that the President's stenographer always takes his speeches and gives the reporters a perfect transcript. It is fun to follow her into the Press Room and exciting to watch her make her scoop. The intricacies of reporting for the First Lady's press conference, the trip on a Presidential train, all go to make a good story of what might happen to a cub reporter.

Polly Tucker, Merchant, by Sara Pennoyer, (Dodd, Mead), which was written by the fashion promotion director of Bonwit Teller, New York, opens the world of retail department stores as a career. Polly has a real adventure getting her first job down on the waterfront. She has the makings of a merchant in her. Her work carries her from one type of store to another. You are taken behind the scenes in a department store. The girl who wishes to work in the "ready-to-wear" will gain much from Polly's career.

LOCKED DRAWER MYSTERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

from the cash register is put into the bank every day."

"Yes, I think I understand that," said Betty. "And you say you are accused of stealing? Tell us about that."

"Everything was all right until to-day," Mary Sloane said, trying hard to control her voice. "I've been helping Mrs. Branch just one week, and once a week she counts the stamps and the money in the drawer and balances her accounts. And to-day she said three dollars and forty cents were missing. She said no one could have taken it but me—"

At that Mary Sloane had to stop and hide her face in her hands again.

"Mrs. Branch said she couldn't keep me," she went on brokenly. "She said she couldn't have a petty thief about, and that I'd have to go back to the orphanage. And nobody will want me now—nobody!"

"Does Mrs. Overman, the manager of the Rummage Shop, think you took the money?" Betty Bliss asked.

"I don't know," said Mary Sloane. "She didn't say anything—I don't know whether she knows anything about it. Perhaps Mrs. Branch did not tell anyone there, but she'll tell them at the orphanage."

"Betty," I broke out, "I don't believe this girl took the money. I don't! She wouldn't come to us if—"

"When we are on a case you will kindly address me as Superintendent Bliss, Inspector Turner," said Betty severely, and did I feel my face getting red! "And why, Miss Sloane," she asked, "is Mrs. Branch so sure you are guilty?"

"Because I was the only one who could have taken it," said Mary Sloane. "Mrs. Branch always kept the key to the table drawer in her handbag, and I was the only one that was ever near her handbag alone. Mrs. Branch was always going to the front of the shop to talk with Mrs. Overman, or with some lady that came in, and she would leave her handbag on the table. It was always there within reach of my hand."

"And the others—the society girls?"

"They were never there alone—I was always there when they were. I was the only person that could have taken the key from the handbag to open the drawer."

"I see!" said Betty thoughtfully. "And your claim is, of course, that you took nothing from the drawer—that you never opened it?"

"I never, never had the key in my hand! I never touched it! I never opened Mrs. Branch's handbag!" cried Mary Sloane. "I wouldn't do such a thing."

"But I suppose," said Betty, "you have some theory about the missing money—or stamps?"

"Yes, I have," said Mary Sloane. "I think Mrs. Branch made a mistake. I think she counted wrong. Or maybe she took out some money or stamps and forgot about it—forgot to make a memorandum of it. I told her so."

"Did that please her?" asked Betty with a smile.

"Oh, she was so angry!" exclaimed Mary Sloane. "She said she never made such mistakes and that I was impertinent to suggest such a thing. She said that in all the years she had been connected with clubs and associations and charities she had never made an error of a single cent."

"Superintendent Bliss—" I began.

"Never mind, Inspector Madge," Betty said.

"I know what you are going to say. But if Mrs. Branch has, this time, made an error in her accounting it does not help Miss Sloane any. No one, I am sure, could convince Mrs. Branch that she made a mistake in her accounts. Certainly we girls could not. Miss Sloane, was the key an ordinary key? Could anyone open the lock of the drawer with a hairpin, for instance?"

"No," said Mary Sloane promptly. "It was a patent lock—one of those with wiggly keys—what do they call them? No one could pick a lock like that."

"In other words, Miss Sloane," said Betty, "you are positive that no one could open the drawer without the key, and you are just as positive that no one but you or Mrs. Branch could have had possession of the key."

"Yes," said Mary Sloane, "I'm positive."

"Good!" Betty exclaimed. "That makes it very much simpler. Inspectors, I think the case is solved."

"Solved!" Dot ejaculated. "But I don't see—"

"Of course you do, Dot!" I said. "Betty—I mean, Superintendent Bliss—means that Mrs. Branch did make a mistake in her figures. But," I said, "I don't see how you are going to show her that she did, Superintendent Bliss. If she's so sure—"

BUT Betty was not really paying any attention to us. She was frowning, deep in thought, and when she spoke it was to Mary Sloane.

"Just what did Mrs. Branch tell you to do when she accused you?" Betty asked her. "Did she tell you to get your things from her house and go back to the orphanage?"

"Yes, she did," said Mary Sloane. "She said she did not want me to spend another night in her house. But I had heard the girls at the Rummage Shop—the society girls who came to help Mrs. Branch—talking about you and your Detective Club, and I thought I would come to you first. It was all I could think of to do."

"And quite right," said Betty, "but what will you do now?"

"I don't know," said Mary Sloane helplessly. "I'll have to get my clothes and go back to the orphanage, I suppose. I'll have to tell them."

"You have nowhere else to go?"

"No other place in the world," said the girl forlornly.

"No place where you can spend a night—or perhaps two nights?"

"No place," said Mary Sloane.

"Well, you're not going back to that orphanage to-night with the story that you are accused of being a thief," said Betty Bliss positively. "Inspector Dot, will you ask your mother—or, no! I'll ask mine. I'm going to use your telephone, Dot."

With that Betty went into the house and we others sat silent on the porch, waiting for her to come out. We heard her voice, but could not distinguish the words. It seemed to take Betty longer than was necessary and we wondered if she were having to argue with her mother, but when she came out again she seemed very much pleased.

"Mother was glad to be asked to give you a room for a night or two, Miss Sloane," Betty said, "and when you get your clothes from Mrs. Branch's, you can take them right to our house—you know where that is because you

stopped there on your way here. Mother will be there to welcome you. And," she said to us, "I telephoned to the high school and got Art and Dick on the wire, and they'll be here as soon as possible. They were just through with their meeting and were coming anyway. And I think, Miss Sloane, that you had better go to Mrs. Branch's at once and get your belongings. Mother will be expecting you."

Mary Sloane seemed almost overwhelmed by this. I honestly believe she would have kissed Betty's hand. There were tears in her eyes and she could not speak, but Betty assumed her most official manner.

"Our further instructions, Miss Sloane," she said, "are to avoid any controversy with Mrs. Branch if she happens to be there. I mean, don't quarrel with her. If she says anything unkind—but I don't think she will—just be silent. At the most just say, 'I am not a thief, Mrs. Branch.'"

"She wouldn't be there now," said Mary Sloane. "She'd be at the Rummage Shop now."

"So much the better," said Betty. "And don't be downhearted. Everything will be all right."

So Mary Sloane thanked us again and again and started on her way to get her clothes from Mrs. Branch's, and as soon as she was out of hearing Betty was all business again.

"Now then," she said, "we'll have to get busy. Inspectors, do either of you know Mrs. Overman, the manager of the Rummage Shop?"

"I don't," I said, and Dot said, "I don't," in the same moment of time.

"Then we'll have to find someone who does," declared Betty. "Dot, do you suppose your mother knows her?"

"She might," Dot said. "I know that Mother sometimes takes bundles to the Rummage Shop and no doubt she meets Mrs. Overman when she goes there. Shall I ask her?"

"Asking your mother if she knows Mrs. Overman seems to be indicated, Inspector," said Betty with a smile, and Dot went into the house. She came out in a minute or two with Mrs. Carver, who seemed pleased to be of service to us.

"Another mystery?" she smiled. "Dot asked me if I knew Mrs. Overman at the Rummage Shop. I do know her very well, much more than by merely meeting her there. As a matter of fact, Betty, she and I are members of the same church and have worked together in the Aid for many years. I'm sure you are not thinking she has done anything wrong; she is a lovely person, very kind and sweet."

"No, Mrs. Carver," Betty said, "we only want her help in removing suspicion from a person we believe is wrongly accused. We only want you to tell her who we are, and that we are not really just three silly girls."

"Certainly, I'll do that," said Mrs. Carver. "I'll telephone her now. Shall I tell her you are coming to see her?"

"Yes, please," Betty said, and in a few minutes Mrs. Carver told us it would be all right—Mrs. Overman would be glad to see us.

Before Mrs. Carver had gone into the house Dick Prince and Art Dane came, all keyed up and excited by the news that we had another mystery case on our hands.

"What is it this time?" Art asked. "Tell us what we have to do—we are all excited and raring to go! It must be something wild and woolly if you girls have to send for us. You're so smart you usually think you can get along just as well without any help from us."

"That's right!" Dick laughed. "It just shows. When it comes to a real mystery the ladies have to call on the good old manly brains to solve it."

"Really!" said Betty Bliss, a little huffed by their teasing. "We girls are very stupid, aren't we? Well, the mystery is solved, if you care to know it."

"It is?" asked Dick, quite naturally surprised. "And what was the mystery then?"

"Stolen money and stamps," said Betty. "They were kept in a locked drawer with only one key, and only two persons had access to the key, and neither one of them stole the money and stamps."

"The drawer was 'pried open,'" said Art. And at the same time Dick said, "Someone broke open the drawer."

"Wrong, both of you," said Betty, and as briefly as possible she told them about Mary Sloane and Mrs. Branch and the missing stamps and money—it might have been either, or both.

"And you know who took the money?" Dick asked.

"Of course," Betty said. "There is only one person who could have taken it."

"Not Mary Sloane?"

"Certainly not."

"And not Mrs. Branch?"

"Don't be silly!" said Betty.

"And Mrs. Branch did not make a mistake in counting?" asked Dick.

"She says not," Betty answered.

"But see here!" exclaimed Art. "This is like one of those locked room mysteries—every door and window locked and bolted on the inside, and yet the man in the room murdered. If nobody had a key to the drawer—"

"We're wasting time, Inspector," said Betty. "The afternoon is passing and we have quite a little to do. Any of you who have any cast-off clothes, or other rummage stuff, will please go and get it and we will all meet in front of my house in fifteen minutes. We are going to make a donation to the Rummage Shop."

In less than half an hour we were at the Rummage Shop and each of us had a nice little bundle to give Mrs. Overman.

There were two or three customers in the

shop but they thought nothing of us, unless they thought we were five merry young people bringing donations. Mrs. Branch and her society helpers had gone home.

When Mrs. Overman had attended to her customers she came to us, and Dot told her who we were, and Betty explained that we were the Detective Club and that we were working on the case and what the case was. Mrs. Overman was a lovely person. This was the first she had heard of Mary Sloane having been accused of theft, and that proved that Mrs. Branch was not really cruel-hearted—otherwise she would have told Mrs. Overman. Evidently Mrs. Branch did not want to be any harsher with Mary Sloane than she felt she had to be.

Mrs. Overman was as sorry for Mary as we were. She said she had thought Mary was a dear girl and that she would help us in any way she could.

"We would like to go to the back of the shop to inspect the scene of the crime, please," Betty said, and Mrs. Overman led us there. The small table was just as Mary had described it, and Betty knelt down and examined it carefully—the slender legs, the top made of one smooth board, and the single drawer safely locked. Then she turned and looked at the walls of the room.

"INSPECTORS," Betty told us, "this is excellent! Here one can see and not be seen." She pointed to the rows of men's overcoats and women's coats and dresses hanging on racks at the far side of the room. "Inspectors Dane and Prince," she continued, speaking to Art and Dick, "there are some jobs that we girls really should not do, but you can do them if you are willing. One evening may be enough, or it may take several evenings, but you can be out of here in time to do your homework and get to bed."

"Out of here?" Dick asked. "You want us to hide here?"

"Yes," said Betty, "the only way to clear Mary Sloane is to catch the real thief, and I believe we can if Mrs. Overman is willing to let you boys hide behind those coats and keep watch."

"Quite willing," Mrs. Overman assured her.

Art and Dick were eager to try it, so Betty and Dot and I went home, and when Mrs. Overman closed the shop and locked the door she left the boys hidden behind the coats.

In less than half an hour they heard a key turning in the front door lock, heard the door open and close, and Comus Took, the janitor, entered. He got a pail of damp sawdust and sprinkled it on the floor and began to sweep. He swept from the front toward the rear and, when he came to the small table, he stopped and stood the broom against the wall.

Art and Dick, peering out, saw him clearly. He reached into his pocket, drew out a hefty pocket knife, and opened the biggest blade. He pushed the blade in between the top of the table and the top edge of the drawer front, making a crack a quarter of an inch wide—and then he turned the table upside down!

The rest was easy. All he had to do was tilt the table a little and shake it, and the loose change and the stamps slid out onto the floor. He bent down and began picking this up, putting some of the change and some of the stamps into his pocket and some back in the drawer.

Then Art and Dick stepped out from among the coats.

"That will do, Comus," Art said.

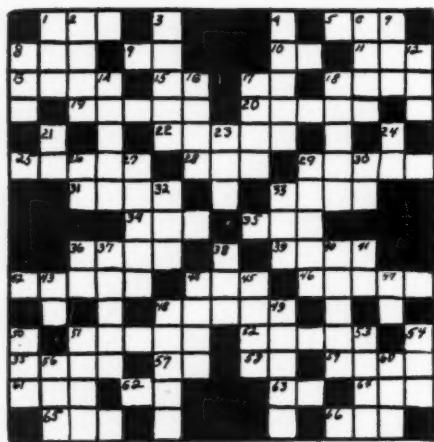
The janitor gave him one scared look and ran for the front door. He did not stop to lock it. Perhaps he never did stop—he was never seen in our town again.

The boys left the pocket knife in the crack above the desk drawer, locked the shop, and came up to Betty's to report. She telephoned to Mrs. Branch immediately, and Mrs. Branch apologized to Mary Sloane and took her back, and everything was all right again.

"But, Betty," I asked, "how did you ever figure it out? How did you ever guess that Comus Took got the stamps out of the drawer that way?"

"Inspector Madge," Betty said, "don't you ever dare tell anyone, but that's how I got some money out of my own little table, the morning of the day Mary Sloane came to us. I keep change there—locked up, you know—and I had mislaid the key."

AN AMERICAN GIRL CROSS WORD PUZZLE



THIS PUZZLE by BARBARA GERKE

is concerned almost entirely with the stories and authors in the January AMERICAN GIRL. The solution will be given in the April issue of the magazine.

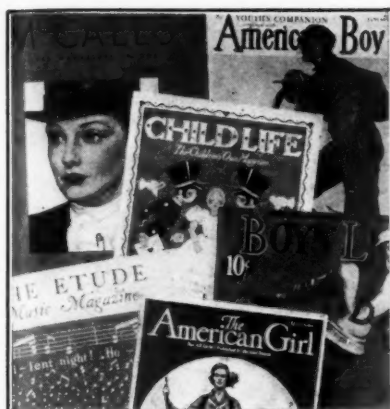
ACROSS

- 1—Over the hills and — away
- 5—Amount (abbr.)
- 8—Character in "A Finger in Art"
- 9—Exclamation
- 10—Author of "Birds on the Snow" (initials)
- 11—Age
- 13—Shopping Sleuth by — Coyle
- 15—A state (abbr.)
- 17—Mother
- 18— — Shumway, circulation manager
- 19—advertising manager
- 20—Midge's sister
- 22—Two —s for Trouble
- 25—Good — with Books
- 28—born
- 29— —ho for Snow
- 31—person engrossed in his own attainments
- 33—glass disc
- 34—short for laboratory
- 35—lentil
- 36—birds
- 39—native of Arabia

- 42—Lofty's sister
- 44—wing
- 46—step
- 48—kingdom; country
- 51—guide
- 52—all
- 55—rodents
- 57—mine
- 58—American Girl artist (initials)
- 59—rescue
- 61—short poem
- 62—note of the scale
- 63—like
- 64—rinse
- 65—open (poetic)
- 66—color

DOWN

- 1—part of a fish
- 2— — Stoddard, editor
- 3—paths
- 4—class
- 6—small lake or pool
- 7—prefix meaning three
- 8—Lincoln's son
- 12—one
- 14—fall flower
- 16—sacred song
- 17— — Believe Dog
- 18—Lucy —
- 21—prefix meaning two
- 23—over (poetic)
- 24—son of fire
- 26—Author of "A Finger in Art" (initials)
- 27—foolish
- 29—aorta
- 30—part of the verb "to be"
- 32—gasoline (abbr.)
- 33—meadow
- 36—The Old Soak (initials)
- 37— — on the Screen
- 38—A state (abbr.)
- 40—spaces
- 41—exist
- 43—we
- 44—spiritual, airy
- 45—lowest female voice
- 47—American Girl (initials)
- 48—forgive, pardon
- 49—a tooth
- 50—for
- 51—In — With the Times
- 53—Leading —
- 54—vim
- 56—fuss; bustle
- 60—to contend



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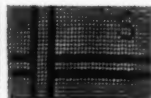
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Shopping Sleuth

BY ANNA COYLE

That irrepressible urge for something new to brighten up your wardrobe and lift your spirits hints that spring and Easter are on their way. Your Shopping Sleuth has discovered some interesting new accessories to meet this urge—and some party ideas, too.

New Wood-Bead and Leather Ornaments



New wood-bead costume jewelry in coral pink will highlight the brown or navy frock you are wearing now, and will be smart all summer long. Wood-bead bracelets, clips, pins, necklaces, and belts in pastel tints, or vivid hues, will pep up your winter-weary wardrobe. A recent edition of a booklet on wood-bead craft, selling for a few cents, tells you how to make all manner of wood bead accessories.

New leather ornaments are marvelous with tweeds, sweaters, and certain spring prints. A kit containing materials for belts, buckles, bracelets, pins, lapel clips, buttons, and costume rings—totaling more than one hundred—with directions for making—is offered and will provide interesting craft work.

Sewing Machine Fagoting for Neckwear



New neckwear provides endless variety. Make yourself collars and cuffs and diceys from white and pastel-tinted piqué or linen, and from finely-checked gingham.

An attachment for your sewing machine will make fagoting by the yard, for trimming all manner of accessories. No tedious hand-stitchery, yet you get the effect of fine, hand-made articles. Here is a way to put to use embroidery cotton, crochet cotton, button-hole twist, and bits of yarn. A booklet of instructions on the use of the fagoter may be had for the asking.



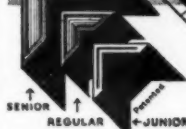
For Easter Parties

New designs in crêpe paper make Easter parties and bazaars fun to plan. There are bunny- and tulip-patterned table covers and napkins. There are lovely big cardboard bunny silhouettes in Easter pink and lavender, and there are party books brim full of ideas.

And, of course, Easter wouldn't be Easter without good, old-fashioned colored eggs. A new feature is the type of coloring. Almost magic are the marble and modernistic designs obtained from one package of Easter egg colors. An alphabet and gay barnyard silhouettes are the surprise feature of another color package. Why not have an Easter-egg hunt to raise funds for a pet project?

Shopping List—Write to-day for a shopping list that will tell you where the materials for the articles described here may be obtained. Be sure to send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Shopping Sleuth, The American Girl, 14 West 49th Street, New York City

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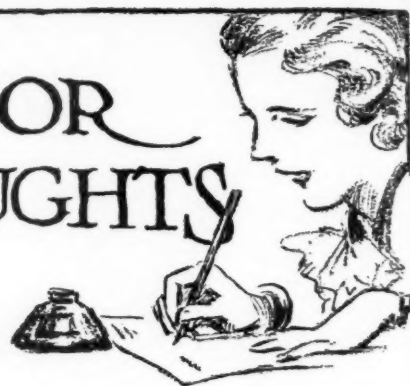
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A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



THE AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE: I have subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL for five years and I have enjoyed every issue.

The January cover is lovely. Let's have more by Orson Lowell. "The Lady of the Lang Lijsen" is superb and quite an addition to the *American Painters Series*.

I am surprised and delighted to find two of my favorite characters, Midge and Lucy Ellen, in the same issue. Midge did herself proud in *A Finger in Art*.

Beatrice Pierce's articles are one of my favorite features of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Give us more of them, please. The etiquette series is enhanced greatly by the illustrations of Marguerite de Angeli.

Jane Carter's articles are most interesting and certainly have improved my culinary ability.

Mary Ann Gailor

THE MOVIE GUIDE

SELIGMAN, ARIZONA: I am fourteen years old. I live in a small town, but at least we have a motion picture show. I am very happy you are going to publish *What's on the Screen* every month because I shall know what to go to see now. I go to the shows quite often.

I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL very much. I love to cook. And because I love to cook I use your recipes. In the January issue I tried "Tapioca Cream Pudding" and I will have to admit I liked it very much.

Fay Lanier

THE ART SERIES FOR POISE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: This new year will start my seventh year of lovely stories, fascinating articles, and wonderful general information, so I thought it was about time to show my appreciation. I was nine when I began reading THE AMERICAN GIRL, and though I didn't enjoy the articles then as much as the stories, I gained a lot of pleasure from the magazine.

The covers have been unusually good, each an entrancing, come-hither one to make you just want to hurry and open it up! I enjoyed Elizabeth Jones's, Ruth Carroll's, Revere Wisterhuff's, and S. Wendell Campbell's covers the most.

The next is the contents page, isn't it? And was I glad to see that page change from back to front, making everything much easier!

The *American Girls in Art Series* is delightful and gives the magazine poise, if you can call it that.

The stories and articles are grand. My favorite authors are Edith Ballinger Price, Beatrice Pierce, Marjorie Paradis, Janet Ram-

say, Marguerite Aspinwall, Paul Griswold Howes, Mary Avery Glen, and Ellis Parker Butler.

I'm going to add that I like all the departments, the Girl Scout ones especially since I am a Girl Scout.

My only one suggestion I put off by itself. This is it: Please have an article about women in medicine because I believe that I would like to be a doctor.

My letter doesn't come from such exciting or far-away places as most of those in *Penny for Your Thoughts* do, but I believe that mine really tells you the way I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL almost as well as those do. At least I hope it does, because I want it to.

Joan Augustus

BZZZ! BZZZ!

HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK: Since 1935, when I first started subscribing to THE AMERICAN GIRL, I have counted it as the girls' best friend. Every story is tops, and I have greatly benefited by many of the articles.

I am a First Class Scout and have gone to a Girl Scout camp every summer since I was ten. In my room I keep a pile of all of my AMERICAN GIRLS and if our house were to catch fire, I would rescue them first. To me, being without THE AMERICAN GIRL would be the same as a bee without honey.

Martha White

REALLY A THRILL

NORTH SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA: Just a few minutes ago I received the surprise of my life! You can't imagine the feeling I got when, glancing over the *Laugh and Grow Scout* page, I found my name along with a joke that I had completely forgotten about! No fooling, it was really a thrill. Thanks a million.

I hardly expect to see this letter in print, because, by the law of averages, my name has been printed enough for about ten years.

Jane Carstens

AN EXCITING SERIAL

COATESVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA: After reading the January issue I just had to write and tell you that I think THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best magazine for girls, ever published.

The new serial, *Make-Believe Dog*, is simply ducky. It is one of the most thrilling stories I have ever read. That mysterious loup-garou has me so excited I'm afraid I won't be able to wait for the next issue.

I love the stories about Midge and Tin—and Adele is so annoying as an older sister. The Lucy Ellen stories are cute and I'm al-

ways delighted to read about her adventures.

I have always wished THE AMERICAN GIRL had a movie guide. Imagine my joy when, looking through the January issue, I saw *What's on the Screen*. AMERICAN GIRL, you are now complete!

Mary Emma Jackson

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: The January issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL was the best ever, in my opinion. *A Finger in Art* was one of the best Midge stories yet. *Leading Lady* was a very revealing story and I enjoyed it immensely. *Birds on the Snow* was very helpful to my cousin and me, for she feeds the birds in the country and I feed them in the city.

The winning photographs in the *Having-Fun-With-a-Camera* contest are very striking. Daddy said the first prize winner, sent by Lois Snow, was one of the best amateur photos he had ever seen.

I am thirteen, and my hobbies are photography, letter-writing, reading (especially THE AMERICAN GIRL), and practically all sports.

Barbara Kane

FROM A PRIZE WINNER

STRESA, ITALY: I didn't expect to receive such a nice long letter from you, and it was also a great surprise to receive such a beautiful book as a prize for the picture of Isola Bella.

Many thanks for both! I am very glad to hear that you all liked the picture of the Borromeo Palace. I am anxiously waiting for the January number of THE AMERICAN GIRL with the pictures in it.

This American girl of sunny Italy sends her best wishes for a happy New Year to you all. Many thanks again.

Teresa Gandolfi

ANOTHER PRIZE WINNER

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA: I want to tell you how thrilled I was when I saw my picture of clouds before a summer storm in the January issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Thank you for the extra copy of that issue. I have sent it to my grandmother, and I know she will be pleased.

I value my copy of *How to Make Good Pictures* very highly and know that it will help me get better results with my camera. Even more than any prize I won, or could have won, I value the fun and experience that I had last summer taking pictures. I have gone on taking pictures since the contest ended, and I thank you and THE AMERICAN GIRL for starting me on a grand hobby.

Ethel Burnham

HUMMING-BIRDS

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS: The other day our school had the pleasure of hearing a talk on humming-birds, accompanied by lantern slides and movies.

Mr. Fletcher, who bands humming-birds, told us how they are tamed and banded. To be allowed to band birds, one must be able to prove that he can identify many species. When he has done this, he writes to Washington and little bands with numbers on them are sent to him. After he has banded a bird by putting a little band around its foot, he sends the duplicate back to Washington, along with the name of the kind of bird. The duplicate is kept on file at Washington for future reference.

In the winter, it has been proved that humming-birds fly all the way to Argentina. When the people in Argentina see a banded humming-bird, they take the number and send it to Washington where it is identified as the bird that had, that summer, been banded in the United States. What is even more remarkable is the fact that the same birds have flown to the very same tree, or porch, summer after summer.

Mr. Fletcher told us that a humming-bird's wings vibrate sixty times a second while flying, and eighty times a second while he is hovering. In the slides were pictures that Mr. Fletcher had taken himself, but the wings were blurred because no camera was fast enough to take them.

However, a friend of Mr. Fletcher's, a professor, invented a camera that could obtain a clear picture of the wings. It is the only one in the world and Mr. Fletcher showed us that picture.

In the movies he showed us how to tame humming-birds by placing little colored tubes of honey near a honeysuckle vine. If you gradually get closer to the bird he will sit on your hand, or shoulder.

One picture was of a humming-bird on one of Mr. Fletcher's friend's lips.

However, training a bird takes much patience and time.

We enjoyed the lecture immensely and I think it is one of the most remarkable things that I have ever seen or heard about.

Sally Bigelow

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Every month I watch the mail
In hopes that I will see
The magazine that satisfies
And that is dear to me.

It's full of fun and jollity,
Its censurers are few,
Each story and each article
Is interesting and new.

The illustrations will delight,
The poems fascinate
The heart of each and every girl
In country, town, and State.

The title of this magazine
Is known both far and near,
And I'm sure each girl receiving it
Will join me in this cheer:

One-two-three-four
Who are we for?
Five-six-seven-eight
Who do we appreciate?
"THE AMERICAN GIRL!" *

Marnie Crosby, Lexington, Michigan

PARKAS AND IGLOOS

JUNEAU, ALASKA: I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL very much. My favorite stories are those about Midge. I also like the mystery stories.

Many people think Alaska is very cold, but it isn't where I live. It seldom gets below zero. Juneau is just like any other town. I received a letter once saying, "I suppose you dress in furs and live in igloos in Juneau." We think it is funny when we receive letters from the States with comments like these, because most of the children here have never seen a real igloo.

Mary Margaret Femmer

A Letter from The Editor

Dear Girls,

So many of you ask us for "Pen Pals" and tell us how much you would enjoy corresponding with other AMERICAN GIRL readers if we would only print the full addresses with their letters on the Penny for Your Thoughts page! We agree with you that this kind of a correspondence would be fun, and we wish we could do what you ask—but unfortunately it is impossible. In order to protect our readers, we must regard their addresses as confidential.

There is something you can do, however, if you want to correspond with other girls who read the magazine. Send your letters in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y., and we shall be glad to forward them if we have the full addresses ourselves.

Your contributions to the Penny for Your Thoughts page are a real joy. Write us often—we like to hear about the interesting things you are doing, and how the various features of the magazine appeal to you.

Good luck to you, now and always!
The Editor

FROM A GIRL SCOUT LEADER

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: I am enclosing two dollars for a two-year subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL. It is a good magazine for all girls. While I was a Girl Scout I read the magazine, every issue, from front to back.

As I am now a leader, I shall make even better use of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Some of the girls in our troop are not fortunate enough to get this magazine, so I intend to let every girl in the troop borrow it and use it.

Bernice Oberle

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

CLINTON, WISCONSIN: I have subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost two years. I like it very much.

My address is Clinton, Wisconsin, now, but I live in Alaska. I have two sisters and a brother. My eldest sister, Mary, lived here two years. Now she has gone back to Hamilton, Alaska.

My mother went to St. Michael with me to put me on board the *Victoria*. I made friends with almost everybody on the boat. When we were nearly at Seattle, a man knocked at our door, saying, "Get up and get your clothes on! We're on the rocks!"

I put my clothes on in about one minute. The men were lowering lifeboats, but by and by the tide came up and lifted us off the rocks, safe and sound.

Catherine Butler

FIRST EDITIONS

ENFIELD, ILLINOIS: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for several years and, when given my choice of a number of magazines, I always choose THE AMERICAN GIRL. I would feel lost without it.

I haven't any favorite stories for I like them all. We haven't had any Phyl and Meg stories lately and I miss them a lot. I read all the articles and departments. I like *Jean and Joan* best. *When Stamps Are Your Hobby* is next because I have a stamp hobby.

I have another interesting hobby—it is collecting old books. I have four that I am very proud of. They are first edition Alcott books—*Little Women*, *Under the Lilacs*, and *Jo's Boys*—the other is a religious book called the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*. It was published in Philadelphia in 1794.

I belong to the only Girl Scout troop in our small town, and am troop Scribe.

Phyllis Jordan

A TOUCH OF HOME

NAMUR, BELGIUM: I have just begun my second year of school in England, while I spend all vacations in Belgium and France. During this time when I am far away from my American friends, THE AMERICAN GIRL has brought me a touch of home besides giving me news of my sister Scouts.

THE AMERICAN GIRL seems to get better every month. Among the stories, which are all grand, I especially enjoy Midge, Em and Kip, and also Mary Avery Glen's stories.

The magazine covers are usually spiffing. I also like the illustrations of the stories. S. Wendell Campbell is one of my favorite cover artists.

The articles, too, are splendid, especially the etiquette series, and the articles on photography. *Good Times With Books* is most helpful, both for my own reading and for choosing presents. The poems in THE AMERICAN GIRL have formed some excellent additions to my book of favorite poems. I feel that, after so many years of enjoyment, I really must thank you for making possible such a glorious magazine as THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Margaret Wickes

AN AMERICAN GIRL ALPHABET

A is for Articles
B is for Best
C is for Clever
D is for Different
E is for Easy to get
F is for Fun
G is for Grand
H is for Helpful
I is for Interesting
J is for Just what all girls want
K is for Kind of magazine girls like
L is for Likeable
M is for Monthly
N is for New continued stories
O is for Outdoor life
P is for Picturesque
Q is for Quite the magazine for Scouts
R is for Restful
S is for Stories
T is for Typical girls
U is for Understandable
V is for Very best
W is for Wonderful
X is for Xmas stories
Y is for Youthful
Z to A it is a fine magazine.
Ruth Chandler, Ardmore, Pennsylvania

ANNETTE DISCOVERS JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

ested in it as the girl was herself. "If I'm to be a real decorator, I must not live among ugly things," the new assistant had said, and the tall lady had agreed. She gave Annette some rolls of lovely but unsold creamy wall paper and sent Charlie up to help put it on. A bundle of Japanese prints, poked away and forgotten in the sewing room, made a frieze below the picture molding, the chintz curtains showed a *motif* of pagodas, and Annette had painted her table and two chairs black and red. Makeshift but efficient cooking arrangements were hidden by a screen.

Umbrella and wet wraps shut away in the bathroom, Annette whisked off dress and slip, and brushed her hair till her scalp tingled. Slipping into pajamas, she donned a boxy red Chinese coat. The storm rattled against the windows, but her room was warm and bright. What fun it was to have the apartment to herself for once! Especially on a night like this.

To spread a doily on the lacquered tray which formed the top of her tea table, and add a cup and plate of blue Canton china took but a moment. Scrambling eggs in a saucepan over an electric plate on the card table, she lifted her voice in a whining little song of Rimski-Korsakov. Annette had a small voice, but a good one, and on Saturday afternoons she was taking lessons.

"Never have I been so hungry," she thought, dishing up the eggs and pulling the cord of the electric plate out of the wall socket. But, with the last action, cord in one hand and eggs in the other, she paused and stared across the room as though arrested by a sudden thought. Placing the plate of eggs on the table, she seated herself, eyes still fixed on some point far away. Then she shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and broke open a currant bun. But she laid the bun down, untasted. "Of course I pulled out the cord of the electric iron before I left the studio! Of course I did!"

She dipped her fork into the eggs. But the idea grew and would not let her eat. She sprang out of her chair and took a turn, back and forth, across the room. "Now let me think exactly what I did!" She checked off the list aloud. "When Charlie came my iron was hot. I pressed most of the last curtain with it. But it got too cool to quite finish, so I plugged it in again. The windows were fastened. I set the mouse trap and turned out the lights and locked the entry doors." Her voice rose in despairing certainty. "And I forgot to disconnect the iron, and came away!"

A few seconds later a slight figure in galoshes, pajama legs pinned up under a heavy coat, crept down the staircase and out the front door of the apartment house.

The storm had been bad when Annette had faced it on her way uptown, but now it was formidable. The sleet had taken on blizzard velocity. It caked on her eyelashes and blinded her, stung her lips. The sidewalks were glass, laced confusingly with red and green reflections. At the first corner the wind almost swung her off her feet. It slammed her against a post box, hurting her elbow. The frozen gutters were punctuated with ribs and rags of broken umbrellas.

Huddled in a subway train once more she gave herself up to agonizing thoughts. Miss Tyson away and all of her beautiful things burned to a cinder! Annette would have to pay for them, of course; that is, her father would have to pay for them. And suppose

the fire didn't stop with the studio? Suppose it should burn the whole building, or the whole block, for that matter! Would people lose their lives as well as their property? There must be clerks staying late in some of those offices. With her mind's eye she could see them now, leaping from the windows.

Stumbling up slippery stairs to the pavement again, another thought assailed her. She had no key to the street door of the building, and it would be locked! She would have to find help and break it in!

The lights showed green as she approached Fifth Avenue, and she ran faster to cross before they should change. The sidewalks were empty of pedestrians, but the jam of traffic between the curbs, only waiting the sound of the releasing whistle to leap forward, was menacing.

MISS Tyson's studio was near the Avenue, and Annette reached the familiar street door almost with a bound. At least there were no flames licking from the roof. By any chance might the janitor still be there? She rang and rang—in vain. Then she rattled the knob and flung herself against the door. Getting no response, she began pounding on the panels with her fists. Perhaps the janitor was asleep inside.

"Take it aisy, Miss! What'll be the trouble?" a deep voice boomed behind her, and turning, startled, she stared into the eyes of a big policeman. He presented solid rubber opposition to the storm—boots, slicker, and rubber curtain hanging from the back of his rubber-covered cap. The very look of him meant relief and comfort—as if *le bon Dieu*, she told herself, had sent him.

"I forgot to shut off the electric iron!" she gasped. "I'm Miss Tyson's assistant. We have the top floor."

"Ye don't say?" Stepping to the curb, the officer contemplated the building, head thrown back and eyes slitted against the drive of the storm. "She looks all right. Are ye sure?" "Oh, yes, yes! I remembered it after I got home."

Approaching the door again, he raised one powerful shoulder and lunged with all his force against it. The lock rattled, but the solid wood held firm. "There ain't no tax on tryin'," he said grimly.

Suddenly he strode down the block and plunged into an alley between two buildings, Annette following at his heels. They emerged into a dim back yard full of ash cans and rubbish, a back yard that was familiar and yet unfamiliar to Annette, since she only knew it from a bird's-eye-view out of Miss Tyson's rear windows.

The policeman halted before one of a row of glassy fire escapes. "This here should be Number 8. Begorry, ye're right, Sister. There's a smell o' smoke."

He rolled a barrel under the fire-escape and swung himself upon it, reaching to release the ladder leading to the ground. This done, he jumped from his perch and started to ascend. One foot on the rung, he turned to his companion. "I'll be goin' up, gurryl. 'Tis the quickest."

Up he went on the shaking, spidery network, pieces of the icy sheath cracking loose under his weight and showering down into the crusted yard beneath. Annette understood that she was supposed to remain on the ground, but in desperation she followed,

clinging to the handrail, her feet skidding on the icy rungs of the fire escape.

The shade was down inside the sewing room, but a dull glow showed behind it and a film of thin brown smoke was beginning to seep out around the window frame. The air was full of the smell of burning woolen.

"No use breakin' glass," she heard the officer mutter as he reached the platform at the top. He whipped out a knife and, inserting the blade between the sashes, shoved back the catch. Pushing up the window, he jerked up the shade, and climbed in. Unnoticed, Annette scrambled after him.

The room was full of smoke, which, rising, had settled against the ceiling in ragged, cloudlike ridges. Through the haze, the iron and its stand shone red hot. They had charred their way into the wood at the end of the pressing board and bright rivulets of sparks were already creeping over the muslin cover. An old woolen blanket beneath the muslin had been helpful in delaying the progress of the fire.

The policeman jerked the cord out of the socket in the wall. Grasping it in one hand, he shoved Mrs. Cooley's big shears under the iron and set it out, hissing and sputtering, on the icy fire escape. "Out the winda!" Annette heard him murmur. The blackened handle of the iron rolled away on the floor. He turned and set the iron stand outside in the same manner. Fortunately the door of the sewing room had been closed, and the smoke had not penetrated to the studio.

Annette had seized an old rug and smothered out the fire on the board before the policeman noticed her. Seeing her, an expression of amazement came over his face. "Glory be to God!" he ejaculated. "An' how came ye here, Miss? Sure, an' I thought I left ye in the yard!"

"I came up the ladder," explained Annette. "It was awfully slippery—" She shivered.

"The Saints presave us! Are ye kilt entirely?"

Annette grinned faintly. "Not a bit of it—I'm all right—and I'm just awfully grateful to you, M'sieu."

"Don't be after mentioning it," the officer told her gallantly. Then he added, "Ye could 'a' phoned the Fire Department an' they'd 'a' ben here in five minutes. Just remember that for next time. But I guess me an' you done it with a sight less muss."

"There's not going to be any next time," Annette said earnestly. "I've learned my lesson."

"Will the bahss fire ye?" he asked solicitously.

"No—I don't think so. She ought to, you know, but she's awfully nice. She told me she did the same thing herself, not long ago, at her own apartment. I'll get a new iron on my way downtown in the morning."

"You fasten the winda after me an' go out the front door," the policeman directed, as, after a last look around, he stooped his head and huge shoulders to clear the sash, and clambered out onto the fire escape.

The iron still glowed dull red and he kicked it and the stand off the platform into the frozen depths below where they landed with a clatter. Then he inserted his head into the room again for an instant, like one who has overlooked something.

"There's a mouse in yer trap," he volunteered casually.



Latch and Grow Scout

Unconvincing

VOICE (on telephone): Asparagus can't come to school. He sick.

TEACHER: Who is this talking?

VOICE: Dis yere am mah pappy talkin'.—*Sent by ANNE MARIE PLATTNER, Carlock, Illinois.*

Hard Job

An old villager had been offered two dollars if he would let an artist paint him. He hesitated for a while.

"It's easy money," prompted the artist.

"Sure, you're right," was the reply. "I was jes' thinkin' how I'd git the paint off afterwards."—*Sent by NANCY SMITH, Edmonds, Washington.*

Grim

"How would you classify the word 'tail-spin'?"

"I'd say it was the last word in aviation."—*Sent by ANTOINETTE LUPTON, Goldsboro, North Carolina.*

Easily

"But how could skin trouble give you a broken arm?"

"It was a banana skin."—*Sent by NANCY GREENFIELD, Auburn, New York.*



At the Movies

USHER: How far down do you wish to sit, lady?

LADY (severely): All the way, of course!—*Sent by EDITH SHERIDAN, Columbia, South Carolina.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Answered

TEACHER: Give me an example of indirect taxation.

PUPIL: The dog tax, sir.

TEACHER: How is that?

PUPIL: The dog does not have to pay it.—*Sent by RUTH ELAINE KRESS, Woodlake, California.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Doubtless

"How do you feel?" asked the physician who had been called to attend the seamstress.

"Oh sew-sew! But I still have stitches in my side," she answered.

"I think you will mend soon."—*Sent by CONSTANCE O'KEEFE, Melrose, Massachusetts.*

Not Bad

One day a music student was helping her teacher correct some of her fourth graders' music booklets on Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour, and came to this question, "What is the great advantage that the human voice has over

all other instruments?" On a little girl's paper appeared this answer, "Because you can carry it with you everywhere you go."—*Sent by LOIS MARIE HINES, Hudson, Michigan.*



Where Needed

"Your husband must have absolute quiet," instructed the physician. "Here is a sleeping powder."

"When do I give it to him?" asked the patient's wife.

"You don't give it to him. You take it yourself."—*Sent by VIRGINIA SLOTHOWER, Malvern, Iowa.*

The Trouble

"You look hollow-chested and thin," said the air pump to the inner tube. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Income taxes," replied the inner tube.—*Sent by WILLA NINNIS, Lodi, California.*

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ONE of the most interesting stamp sheets that has ever been issued—in any case, to American collectors—made its appearance on January fifteenth in the Central American republic of Guatemala. On that day Guatemala issued a limited number of miniature sheets in honor of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States. For the first time the portrait of a living President of the United States has been pictured on a postage stamp.

The souvenir sheet consists of four stamps. In the upper left corner is one of fifteen-cent denomination showing the portrait of George Washington in brown vignette and blue frame. Beneath the bust is the inscription "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." To the right of this stamp is the four-cent adhesive, bearing the portrait of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the vignette done in brown, the frame in carmine. Beneath is a small panel with the inscription "Presidente Roosevelt," and below this the wording "Good Friend of the Latin Americans."

A four-cent stamp shows an outline map of the western hemisphere done in blue and carmine, and a second fifteen-cent denomination, brown and blue, pictures the Pan-American building in Washington.

There is a margin around the stamp sheet and in this margin is the inscription "Homage to the United States of North America on the 150th Anniversary of its political Constitution 1787-1789—1937-1939." All of the inscriptions in the sheet are in Spanish.

We show you the design being used for the new King George VI stamps of Malaya, which use the same frame design as the George V stamp they are replacing. They are of especial interest at the moment because they show, for the first time, the right-hand side of the King's head in profile. The values of Malaya which have so far been issued are two-cent green, five-cent brown, ten-cent dull-purple, twenty-five-cent dull-purple and carmine, thirty-cent dull-purple and orange, and forty-cent carmine and dull-purple.

The other stamp illustrated this month is one of the two special commemoratives issued in honor of the new Irish Constitution which came into force on December twenty-ninth. The stamps are two-penny red-violet and three-penny bright-blue. The design shows Ireland writing in Gaelic the opening words of the Constitution: "In the Name of the Most Holy Trinity—" Beneath are the Arms of Leinster, Connaught, Ulster, and Munster, the four provinces of Ireland. The inclusion of Ulster is interesting because the former boundaries of the Irish Free State incorporated only three of Ulster's counties, the remaining six counties being in Northern Ireland. At the bottom of the design is the value tablet and the inscription "Constitution of Ireland."

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BOATS ACROSS THE MEADOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

sister-in-law, Helen inched herself back toward the ridge, but, reaching it, her view over the rippling, muddy waste of water was discouraging.

Now the shed was bobbing along at a faster rate and as the girls lay prone, looking across the water, it slowly revolved so that they found themselves unexpectedly gazing ahead. It was Helen who voiced the thought which sprang into both their minds.

"We're being swept toward the river! No boat can live in the river now—"

Nancy's chin was raised. "No use crossing bridges," she said.

Helen's courage came back at sight of that fighting chin. "That's what we need! Bigger and better bridges—"

They began to shake with hysterical laughter at the feeble nonsense. Then silence came upon them again, silence born of the swift, relentless force of the water beneath them.

Helen's thoughts centered now upon her sister-in-law. Why, Nancy was *brave*! The effort of holding her—Helen—on the roof was straining her face into grotesque lines and the cramp in her arm must be agonizing by now. She had been brave, also, if foolishly so, to stay with those new-hatched chicks just because she was afraid they'd die if she didn't.

No, Nancy Vail was anything but a coward!

The shed went drifting on. Once they passed an abandoned farmhouse with windows like staring, horrified eyes. Once they circled around a great tree standing deep in water like a panic-stricken bather caught beyond his depth.

Helen groaned again, "Oh, Nancy, you can't hold me much longer—"

"Don't worry!" Nancy's whisper was exhausted. "Does your hand—hurt much?"

"I can stand it!" The girl felt hot tears sting her eyelids. She shook her head. Cry baby, that's what she was!

Then at last came a faint hail across the water. "Nancy! Helen!"

It was Tom, with another man, pulling strongly through the flood waters toward them. When he appeared, up over the edge of the roof, it was to Nancy he crawled first, but she shook her head. "Take Helen down, Tom! She's hurt!"

"Can you hang on until I get her down?" Terror and tenderness were in Tom's voice, answering his wife, but Helen did not resent it now. Nancy deserved every bit of love and care Tom, or anyone else, could give her.

"Yes—help Helen!"

Afterwards, it was only a matter of mo-

ments before the refugees were huddled together upon the stern seat of Tom's boat. The other man was Mr. Mills. Helen spoke to him faintly as the two men pulled together toward the safety of higher ground. "Your boat is ruined, Mr. Mills. It was swept away!"

"Boats don't matter," replied Mr. Mills. "It's human lives that count now."

Nancy drew Helen closer into the shelter of her arms. "How'd you know, Tom?"

"About you and Helen? I 'phoned the house, and Buddy told me Helen had gone to fetch you so you could hear him play 'My Country.' I doped out what had happened."

Later, at home and snug in bed with her hand bandaged, Helen looked up at her mother, bending over her. "Where's Nancy?"

"Asleep. Tom's with her. I'm so glad no bones were broken in your hand! Better go to sleep, too, dear."

But Helen fidgeted. "Mother," she said, "I was mistaken about Nancy. She's—she's all right, you know."

"I knew you'd find that out." Mrs. Vail nodded.

Helen raised herself on her elbow. "She's swell," she said earnestly. "I don't believe there's a girl in New York who can hold a candle to her."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

THIS LITTLE PIG—I - FOODS

considered ripe; if not, the pineapple is not yet ready for eating. However, the pineapple itself may be tinged with green and still be quite ripe, since many pineapples are picked and shipped to market while they are green and never attain a really golden color. So make the leaf test, feel the base of the fruit and make certain that it is firm, neither hard nor soft—and smell it.

Use your nose also when you buy peaches and plums and berries. All of these, when ripe, are fragrant. Formerly all small fruit was sold by the pound, and to buy "by the pound" is still the best way. However, for convenience in handling, many markets now pack small fruit in containers. So packed it looks attractive, but you must be certain that the fruit in the under layer is just as fine and fresh as that on top, and also that you are paying no more for the fruit in the container than if it were weighed out for you by the pound.

There is a vast difference between being fussy and being careful. The average clerk grows impatient with a fussy buyer, a person who finds some fault with everything offered, but he respects a buyer who knows what she wants and sees to it that she gets it. When buying berries, for instance, you can't judge how good they are by looking at the top layer, but the clerk will gladly "turn over the basket" so that you can see that the bottom of the container is fresh and unstained, and that there are few green or over-ripe berries in the quart. Don't try to do this yourself. It is a trick that requires skill and practice.

In buying all the citrus fruits, the weight, rather than the size or the bright color of the skin, is most important. The skins of some varieties of oranges are more deeply colored than others, and some of them, like certain varieties of grapefruit, are russet, or with brown mottling. But a juicy grapefruit,

orange, or lemon will always be heavy in proportion to its size, and you will generally find that the skin of such fruits feels thin. Very little experience is needed to learn to judge the juiciness of citrus fruits from the "feel." In addition to the weight, you must also consider size. Whether you buy small, medium, or large size fruit depends on the use for which it is intended. For squeezing, it may be more economical to buy the small than the large, but this you can determine easily enough by actually weighing the fruit. The scale—and some mental arithmetic—will tell whether you are paying more or less per pound for the large or small fruit.

And now for the vegetables and salads. When buying these, be guided chiefly by your eyes. An attractive appearance usually indicates quality and flavor. String beans and green peas should look fresh and have brightly colored pods, while the pods of limas, although a little darker in shade, should still be bright. If you are at all doubtful of the freshness of string beans, snap one—it should snap easily and with a sharp little noise. The pea and lima pods should be full, almost to bursting, but the peas or beans themselves should not be too large. Size indicates maturity, and immature peas or beans are the most sweetly flavored and succulent. Open a pod to see how large the peas or beans are.

The other vegetables, as they come into season and arrive at the market, should also look fresh. You can judge how tender and delicious asparagus will be by looking at the bottom of the stalks. Freshly cut stalks will look fresh; those that have been held too long in the market will be dried and woody. Because some marketmen trim the bottoms of asparagus stalks to make them appear fresher than they actually are, it is also wise to examine the stalks themselves. When scratched slightly with the nail, the stalk should be tender and juicy, just as is

the branch of a growing tree. All-green asparagus is generally more tender and more of the stalk is edible than the white, or partially blanched varieties. The white portion of the stalks has been grown underground, and is likely to be tough and stringy.

In buying cauliflower, whiteness is a sure indication of quality. Frequently, however, there are small blemishes which detract from the appearance but not from the flavor, and a head, or curd, that has a small dark spot or two is usually sold at a lower price than a perfect one and makes quite as good eating. Here is where the rule about blemishes that affect appearance but not quality should be remembered.

Cauliflower is one of the aristocrats of the cabbage family, but, even though it is something of a delicacy, many people find cabbage—ordinary, plebeian head-cabbage—a more delicious and useful food. It is delicious as a cooked vegetable, and equally good when served raw as a salad. Ordinarily cabbage is sold by the pound, and you select a head, either white or red—there is no real difference in the flavor, the difference is chiefly in appearance—which is approximately the weight you desire. It is a mistake to buy too small a head, because the center stalk, which is frequently too tough to use, is almost as large in a small cabbage as it is in a large one. Buying half of a large head is a better plan, if the clerk is willing to cut one. If this is contrary to the policy of the market, select a good-sized, solid head and use it for two or more meals, either as a cooked vegetable or as a salad. Cabbage may be stored for a week or more after it has been cut. When other fresh greens are high in price, cabbage can generally be counted on to supply a delicious and inexpensive salad.

The varieties of lettuce that are most popular—and this holds true for other salads

such as chicory and escarole—are those that have the greatest number of light green or yellow leaves. The dark green leaves are a better source of vitamin A, but they are not as tender and sweet as the yellow ones, and therefore not as well liked.

In buying lettuce, then, make sure that there are few green leaves and many yellow ones. Also, that the head is solid and that the leaves look fresh. If outside leaves are tinged with brown, or if there are any signs of decay, don't buy the head unless you're certain the decay is only on the outside leaves.

Formerly celery was one of the treats of the Thanksgiving dinner, but now it is in the market most of the year. When the shrewd shopper buys celery, she examines the bunches carefully for color, shape, stalk length, compactness, and signs of damage. The outer stalks should be about six inches from base to the first leaf, and they should not be marred with long growth cracks. Blanching makes celery more tender, and, therefore, stalks that are a creamy white are to be preferred to green ones. You can tell how fresh the celery is, and a good deal about how good it will taste, by the freshness of the leaves. And, incidentally, celery

leaves and the outside stalks make a fine cooked vegetable.

With the selection of the salad you have completed the marketing, except for the meat. Your marketing list tells you what meat you are to buy, and even what cut. This may be the "special" featured at the local market. Frequently, however, you may buy delicious meats at even lower prices than the special, providing you know what to buy. Some cuts of meat—just as nourishing and, with proper cooking, just as delicious as the most expensive ones—are available at very low prices, simply because there is little demand for them. Liver was actually given away until Americans learned how valuable a food it is, and how good it tastes.

If you want to make a real study of these valuable but inexpensive cuts, write to the National Live Stock and Meat Board at 407 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, for a booklet showing the various cuts, and how to prepare them. The Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, also has prepared booklets on the subject which it will mail to you for the asking.

In buying meat, there are certain character-

istics which are guides to quality. The best beef is cherry red in color. It has a fine grain, the bones are tinged with red, and the fat covering is creamy white and approximately half an inch deep. Excessive fat is wasteful, but do not make the mistake of insisting that the meat be "very lean." There should be streaks of fat running through the meat itself. This is known as "marbling" and is an excellent description of the way such meat looks. The best veal is fine grained and of a grayish pink color, and the best lamb is a pinkish red color. Poultry that will have good flavor and will carve well, must be well fleshed, and you can tell how much "good eating" there is by the plumpness of the breast. The flexibility of the breastbone indicates the age of the bird and should be tested when you buy a broiler, or a fryer.

Of course, the more you learn about buying, the fewer will be your mistakes. With marketing, as with so many other things, practice does make perfect—or nearly perfect. If perfection itself were attained, marketing would probably cease to be fun. But, as things work out, every trip to market is really a test of one's skill, imagination, and efficiency.

MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

"Patience." "The right girl" for the lawyer is "Sue." The bookkeeper's choice is "Adeline." The milliner finds a girl named "Hattie." For the weaver, there is "Flossie." For the lifesaver, "Caroline"; for the sexton, "Belle"; for the porter, "Carrie", etc.

Matching pieces of cut-out paper hearts, to make a whole heart, is something you might try for a Saint Valentine's Day party. Tear the paper hearts in two, putting half of each into a separate box. Distribute the contents of one box to the girls, the other to the boys. Those whose hearts match are partners. Or you might ask each girl at the party to draw while blind-folded, from a basket of hearts, the heart bearing the name of the boy who is to be her partner.

These are only a few suggestions. You will think of others if you put your mind to it.

Up to this point we have considered games you can make yourself, or games requiring

little or no special equipment. For variety it is a good idea to stock up with some of the new games which may be bought in the stores. Then, too, there are books and charts on numerology, palmistry, astrology, handwriting, etc., for the analysis of character and for the foretelling of the future. Some of these require serious study before they can be used by a hostess as a method of entertaining her guests. Others are worked out so as to require little or no preparation in advance. Some of the purely mechanical devices for reading character come out so accurately as to be positively uncanny. Right or wrong, they are amusing and a sure-fire hit. The hostess who can tell fortunes with reasonable skill can keep a group of people fascinated for a whole evening. It is hard work for the fortune teller, however, and takes study, a quick wit, imagination, and a ready tongue.

Having games and books on the shelf, as

well as ideas in your head, will therefore help you with the question of what to do with guests who seem unable to entertain themselves. It is best to have more things to draw on than you will have need for at one time. Thus you can change your mind, or your program, if you decide that it is desirable to change. The main points to remember are these: any game is fun if your guests feel like playing it; no game is any good at all when people are not in the game-playing mood. As hostess, you are a sort of mistress of ceremonies, directing the moods of your guests. Don't try to force them into anything about which they are lukewarm. Instead, by your own interest and enthusiasm, make them want to participate. And when you give a big party, let several of your friends help you. It is fun for them and they not only enjoy their responsibilities, but they help you to make your party a success.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—MARY CASSATT

MARY CASSATT, whose pastel, "Child Holding a Dog," is reproduced as frontispiece this month, was born in 1845 of an old American family at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and then went to Paris for further training in art. Although she spent some time at the atelier of Chaplin, she gained most from long hours in museums, studying the works of the old masters in various cities of Europe. She spent the greater part of her life, from 1874 until her death in 1927, in or near Paris. Degas, the French painter, noticed one of her paintings in the Paris Salon, and, much impressed by it, invited her to show with the Impressionists. Mary Cassatt, whose own feeling for painting was so strongly akin to this school, came to know Manet and Degas, and her work developed under their influence.

Perhaps many of you know something of the theory of painting of the Impressionists—a theory brought forth by Manet and enthusiastically accepted and carried forward in the latter half of the nineteenth century by Manet, Degas, Cézanne, and others of this famous group. The principal interest of these painters was light and its effect on color.

They did not use dark colors, but captured effects of light and shade by strong contrasts of complementary colors. They used pure colors at their brightest intensity and did not mix and blend them on their palettes as painters of older schools had done, but laid little patches of color side by side on canvas to give the effect of brilliant sunshine, or glaring artificial light.

Like the Impressionists, Mary Cassatt was interested in problems of light, and, although her method was different, she painted in intense and luminous colors as they did. She was skilled technically in several mediums—oil, water color, pastel, and etching. Her admiration for Degas, who was a superior draughtsman, and her study of Japanese prints developed her feeling for linear design. Her favorite subjects were young girls, or mother-and-child themes. Her work has charm, force, and honest, healthy sentiment. Although she was so completely at home in this French school of painting she herself always maintained that she was thoroughly American.

For the facts given here we are indebted to Art in America in Modern Times edited by Holger Cabill and Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and published by Reynal and Hitchcock of New York City, New York.



Two Heads Are Better Than One

WHY don't you try dictating your theme for English Three, Jinny?" Joan looked up from her typewriter. "It'd be good practice for you—you'll have to learn to dictate if you're going to be one of those smart young business executives we were reading about yesterday—and it'll be fine for me to take dictation on the machine."

"All right," agreed Jean. "And then let's turn about. I'll beat the box while you dictate *your* theme to me."

"Grand. What's yours going to be about?"

• "The April AMERICAN GIRL," responded Jean. "It's to be a kind of *resumé* and there's heaps to say about it—although I *could* write the whole thing around Ethel Severson's article, *Aladdin's City*, that tells in such a fascinating way about one of the big movie lots in Hollywood."

"Uh-huh," agreed Joan. "Or you could do the same with the second shopping article by Ruth Brindze, the one about buying clothes and household things. It's full of the most valuable information."

• "Yes, but I believe I'd rather review the April number as a whole. I want to say something about those interesting poems of Robert P. Tristram Coffin's and Ruth Moore's. Mother says everybody knows that Professor Coffin is a real poet, but that Ruth Moore is a real poet, too, though she's not so well known."

"It would be fun to watch out for her work," said Joan. "I've loved every single poem she's written for THE AMERICAN GIRL."

"Me, too. Well, let's get back to our muttons! I haven't mentioned the stories yet," said Jean, "and I meant to write a lot about them. There's *Make-Believe Dog*—"

"The most exciting serial in years," put in Joan. "It's every bit

as good as *Keeper of the Wolves*."

"And that adorable Midge story by Marjorie Paradis, *A Mink Coat's Only Skin Deep*—"

"And that lovely grown-up fairy tale, *The Illuminated Page*, by Elizabeth Curtis, with her own illustrations—"

"And the new Ellen Wakefield story, and—" Jean flipped the pages of the magazine. "Well, I guess that'll be enough. I'll begin dictating now, if you're ready to type, Jo."

"Go to it," Joan answered, her fingers poised above the keys.

If your subscription has run out mail the renewal today. Send \$1.50 for one year, or \$2.00 for two years, to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N.Y.



Spring Time is Sweater Time

A Girl Scout Sweater—styled to the very last stitch—will be an addition to any girl's Spring wardrobe. The all-wool zephyr yarn, in Robin Hood green, is knitted in the popular baby-shaker stitch, and the 2¼" trefoil basted on—for a hasty removal—if you prefer your sweater plain. Sizes 10-20. 8-251 \$2.95

Brownies now have a sweater of their own. The blouse style and soft rolled collar is just like big sister's, the brown yarn is all wool, and the golden emblem tacked on for good measure. Sizes 8-12. 8-252 \$2.95

Mariners, with an eye to the nautical, had their sweater designed with a turtle

neck. The other popular features are the same as in the Girl Scout sweater—all wool yarn (Mariner blue, of course), ribbing design, and basted-on emblem. Sizes 12-20. 8-253 \$2.95

A Swing Jacket vies for popularity. Decidedly up-to-the-minute, it is made of narrow wale corduroy in a rich velvety green. Its collegiate cut and carefree air makes this a popular campus number as well as an ideal jacket for wear with the Girl Scout uniforms. Sizes 10-20. 8-131 \$3.95

Add a Kerchief—for a dash of contrasting color. Wear it as a turban, peasant style, or as a neckerchief. This sport scarf is 19" square, of washable acetate. The design, in black and white, is printed on a background of red, blue, green or yellow. 11-679 Each \$.50



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